

NATURAL GAS:

**Is it safe
for
your home?**

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

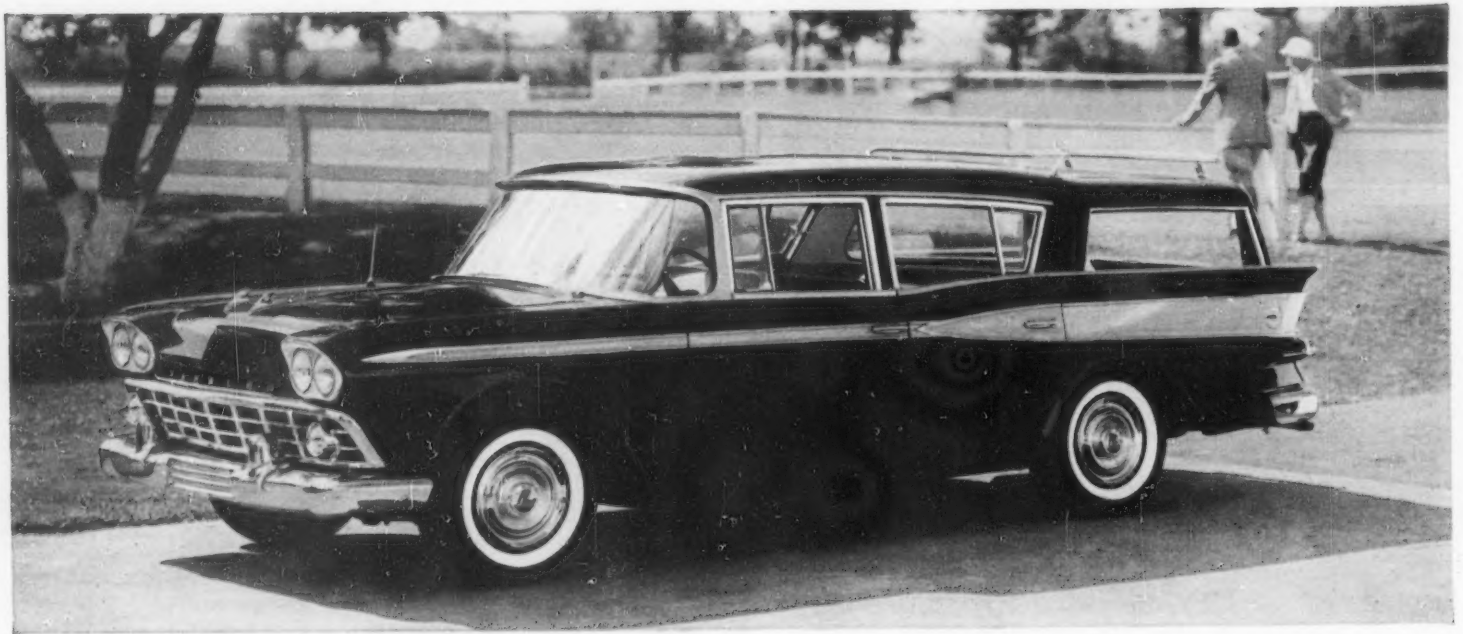
COVER BY JOHN LITTLE
Geolettes on the lower St. Lawrence

**The hectic scramble for this year's college grads
SHOULD RELIGION BE A REGULAR SCHOOL SUBJECT?**

MACLEAN'S

APRIL 25 1959 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





1959 Rambler Custom Cross Country. Most striking station wagon on the Canadian road. Your choice of Rambler Economy Six or Rambler Rebel V8 power.

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More and more Canadians are switching to Canada's success car! Only Rambler gives you big car room, small car economy in 22 superbly designed models.

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1959 Rambler Rebel V8 Hardtop. Striking design . . . roomy luxury for six passengers . . . plus economy and handling ease unmatched in any other V8 car.



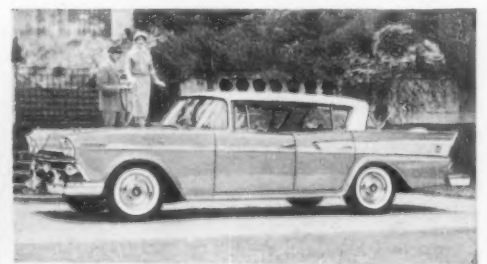
1959 Rambler American Station Wagon. Brand new this year . . . a roomy, rugged version of the famous Rambler American. Seats five with cargo space to spare.



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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- Why the royal yacht will be "untouchable"
- Our next millionaire: he's outdating zippers

AN UNEXPECTED and little-publicized problem for the planners of this summer royal tour will be presented by the egg-shell crust of bluebottle enamel on the royal yacht Britannia. The 412-foot three-master's hull is of steel, with a prime coat of a rough plaster. If she knocks any hard object, the enamel peels in huge chunks. Usually, Britannia stands offshore—away from wharves and other craft—but at Montreal she'll dock at a carefully padded floating anchorage to welcome President Eisenhower aboard. Seaway locks will be lined with special rope bumpers to cushion Britannia's sides.

SLITHERY LAMPREYS that have all but ruined Great Lakes trout fishing could soon be brought under control thanks to nuclear science. Biggest problem has been scientists' inability to trace them. Now at London, Ont., fisheries researchers under Dr. David Scott are testing equipment to make larval lampreys radioactive. Then they'll hunt them down with geiger counters. Once the life pattern's established, war will be easier to wage. Next target for atomic tracers: mosquitoes.



THE NIMMONS SOUND
Our jazz—to Britons.

of Wayne and Shuster's special half-hour Queen Victoria Day show.

THE INVENTION THAT'S REPLACING ZIPPERS will probably make a fortune for a scion of one of Canada's most powerful financial houses. Ben Webster, a 28-year-old nephew of Montreal industrialist and Toronto Globe and Mail owner R. Howard Webster, is half-owner of the Velok holding company. It has North and South American and Far Eastern rights on Velero—a fabric combination that clings like glue but can be separated by the slightest tug. A factory opened in Three Rivers, Que., last month. Webster, now spending half his time in New York, told Maclean's: "We've already got more orders than we can handle."

THAT OLD FAMILY SILVER may have a lot more than sentimental value. If the craftsman's marks match any at right, your plate could be worth a hatful. You'll be able to make a full check this fall, when John E. Langdon publishes the first definitive book on early Canadian silver. Langdon, a Toronto investment dealer and former Financial Post writer, told Maclean's: "Some of the world's finest silversmiths were 18th century Canadians. Their work is valuable today." So will the book be. Probable cost: about \$20.

GOLD COINS (we haven't had them since 1914) may soon be back in our pockets. Scientists of the federal mines department under Dr. John Convey are working on a gold alloy cheap enough to stamp into convenient size. They've already come up with a \$10 piece. Reason for the experiments: to find ways to use up our excess gold. Convey's scientists are also checking into two other possible uses: as insulation in long-range missiles and in the fight against cancer. Gold, which turns to mercury under radioactive bombardment, has been used in the treatment of John Foster Dulles.

WHAT SOUNDED TO MANY SKEPTICS like a fanciful gadget when Maclean's first reported on Osmond Kendall's Marvelous Music Machine (June 11, 1955) now is the basis for a new field of studies at the University of Toronto. Dr. Arnold Walter, head of U. of T.'s music faculty, is setting up a studio for electronic music. The National Research Council's also interested. Secret: the composer draws his orchestration on a sound track—no musical instruments necessary.

OUR RADIO PERSONALITY will be laid bare to British listeners in June when the BBC broadcasts 10 hours of Canadian programs during a special Canada Week. How will we sound? Here's what the CBC's lined up: an hour of the CBC Symphony; a W. O. Mitchell play; Neil Chotem's Orchestra from Montreal; Phil Nimmons' jazz; an informal hour from Trans-Canada Matinee and a rebroadcast



Gard, Saint John

Ranvoys, Quebec

Nordbeck, Halifax

WAR DRUMS TO BEAT

Indians out to scalp Act. What chance they'll do it?



MONTGOMERY & FAIRCLOUGH
Trying to keep the peace.

FEW CANADIANS thought last month's squabble at Ohsweken on Ontario's Six Nations Indian Reserve was anything more than an internecine fight. In many ways that's all it was. But it was also a smoke signal of trouble to come. Many of Canada's 173,000 Indians are unhappy with their lot and are determined to change it. Other symptoms:

➤ The Caughnawaga Mohawks (Six Nation members), near Montreal, plan to appeal to the UN the "usurping" of their lands by the St. Lawrence Seaway Authority. The Caughnawagas will soon face a new problem: Metropolitan Montreal threatens to engulf their reservation.

➤ Sixteen hundred Alberta Blackfoot from a reserve east of Calgary are charging Ottawa with using illegally \$6 million from tribe funds.

➤ The Hurons of Loretteville, near Quebec City, say, "We're gradually losing our place in Canada. We'll have to make a stand."

Will the Indians be able to change their status? Probably. A joint Commons-Senate committee to be set up to

study 1951's Indian Act will make changes "only after we've heard the Indians themselves," Secretary of State Ellen Fairclough told Maclean's.

Likely to be changed are financial agreements, administrative set-ups and phrasing of the act, which gives the government too much arbitrary power, many Indians think. It's highly unlikely elected councils will be replaced by the traditional chief system, as the Ohsweken rebels sought.

The Indians have good counsel. Civil-rights champion and McGill professor Frank Scott advises Montreal's Caughnawagas. Ontario's Six Nations have Toronto barrister Malcolm Montgomery, first white man to be made a chief by the chiefs since the Duke of Connaught in 1913, who's been aiding the Iroquois without fee since 1957. He warned the Department of Indian Affairs of trouble at Ohsweken months before it broke out. His guidance was a big factor in controlling violence when it did.

12-MONTH SCHOOL YEAR? Summer classes boom

SUMMER HOLIDAYS, once the high-school student's only respite from his books, will mean just more study drudgery to many Canadian students this year—and thousands more next.

➤ In Ontario more than 1,000 scholars will be cramming in July and August. Two school boards will open special classes this summer. London inaugurates a five-week course for students who (1) have flunked one or two subjects or (2) want extra "enrichment" courses in art, music, or conversational French. York Township, a Toronto suburb, is making plans to continue its "highly successful" teaching of grade 9-10 subjects for students who failed but earned over 35%. Hamilton is watching both experiments, may open summer classes "soon."

➤ In B. C., Victoria schools have open-

ed for supplementary summer classes for two years, will continue this year. Students take 75-minute classes and are expected to do 2½ hours homework for each course. Vancouver decided this year to hold summer classes much the same as London's but won't open them till 1960.

➤ The Alberta department of education runs a summer school at Red Deer.

➤ In Saskatchewan, students who fail one or two subjects may make them up in Moose Jaw or Regina.

➤ In Newfoundland, about 200 students a year take summer work at St. John's.

Does it help? "Yes," says Hawley Cross, principal of York Township's '58 summer school. "We had 98% attendance—and 78% of them made up their year."—CAROL CHAPMAN

NOSIER CENSUS What DBS wants to know about you

THIS JUNE—two years before 1961's giant ten-year census—a hundred men and women from the Dominion Bureau of Statistics will knock on every door in and around Galt, Ont., and Joliette, Que. Reason: questions planned for the '61 survey are so intimate DBS wants to make sure they'll be answered.

If the 60,000 "typical" Canadians of Galt and Joliette kick up a fuss, DBS may change its mind. If not, here are some of the things you'll be asked in 1961.

➤ What's your total income? Up to now, census takers have asked only about wages.

➤ How many children have you had? Previously it's just been how many living in the home. The new phrasing is at the request of the UN, which is studying world fertility.

➤ When and from where have you moved? This will be the first real study of Canadian migration. They'll want to know whether it's only around the cor-

ner or all the way across the continent. ➤ Where have you worked? Previously the only question was: where are you working? Now the government wants a picture of seasonal employment.

➤ Who's sick? This question will give the first national picture of Canada's health at a given time.

They'll also ask how many TV sets you have. But not whether you have electricity, radio or a phone. Nearly everyone has.

In charge will be Dr. Omer Lemieux and a specially designed IBM brain to cut down on the three years it took to add up '51's results. Lemieux's among the world's best census men. He's headed UN seminars and lectured to South American pollsters.

—PETER C. NEWMAN



LEMIEUX →

He'll use all his skill.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Will the provinces reject the RCMP?



THE GOVERNMENT hasn't yet come to the most serious phase of its dispute with Newfoundland over reinforcements for the RCMP. The critical moment is still ahead—when the attorneys-general of eight provinces meet, as they must do before long, to renegotiate the RCMP contracts that expire next spring.

Until the row about the Newfoundland logging strike blew up, the first meeting of attorneys-general had been set for April 27. Now, indications are that it will be postponed, but not for long.

In eight out of ten provinces—all except Ontario and Quebec—the RCMP perform the services of provincial police. Constitutionally it is the province's job to administer justice and enforce law. The eight provinces hire the RCMP to carry out this task (with Ottawa paying sixty percent of the cost) but they don't abdicate the responsibility.

Question: Will they want to renew the contract for RCMP service, when they can't be sure of getting reinforcements when the province thinks these are needed?

It's a crucial question for the RCMP as a force, because more than half the Mounties' work is done for the various provinces. If all eight contracts were dropped, the force could be cut by fifty percent in numbers and about the same amount in budget. Still more important from the RCMP point of view, it would be shorn of its most important functions and its morale would go to pot.

This is not speculation. All through

the Twenties, the force was in exactly that situation and its morale did go to pot. If the RCMP were reduced to what the Mounties call "froth," like performing their Musical Ride and being photographed with the tourists on Parliament Hill, their whole sense of purpose and dignity as a corps would be destroyed. Take away the provincial contracts, and they'd have little left except the "froth," the drug traffic, some routine customs and excise jobs, and the security duties of a secret police.

Friends of Commissioner L. H. Nicholson say that this anxiety weighed heavily with him in his decision to resign after the government's refusal to send reinforcements to the strike area as requested by the attorney-general of Newfoundland. In his view, they say, the government's refusal was a violation not only of the letter but also of the spirit of the contract. When the fifty policemen were held back from leaving Moncton and Sydney, N.S., for Newfoundland, the action was a challenge to the province's right to maintain law and order, and take whatever steps it saw fit to that end.

Government spokesmen pooh-pooh all these scruples and fears. One, a rather cynical type, put it this way:

"Don't worry about those RCMP contracts. We've got Conservative governments in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and we'll probably still have one in Manitoba in 1960—they're not going to make trouble for a Conservative government here. Saskatchewan's got a CCF government that has to be pro-labor, and their attorney-general

has already said he thinks Ottawa did the right thing by refusing to send reinforcements. British Columbia's got some queer labor legislation of its own, and isn't likely to make a fuss on a labor issue. That leaves only Alberta and Prince Edward Island to worry about—aside from Newfoundland."

But although they profess not to be worried that the RCMP contracts might not be renewed, they're a little less comfortable about the actual decision to refuse reinforcements. Nobody much likes Premier Joey Smallwood's anti-labor

laws, but still less does anybody like the idea that political considerations should determine whether or not a police force is to be strengthened.

It's true Commissioner Nicholson did not at any time contend that his Mounties on duty on Newfoundland would be in actual danger if they were not reinforced. He could have done so, without stretching the truth much, but Nicholson is an extremely scrupulous man. It was not quite true that his men would be in danger without the extra fifty men from the mainland, because in fact they were reinforced by an extra fifty men anyway. The Newfoundland government, when its request to Ottawa was refused, took an additional fifty constables away from their duties in St. John's, and sent these men to the strike area. But the effect of that action was to leave St. John's protected by only fifteen men on each shift—hardly adequate policing for a city of fifty-seven thousand.

The real point, aside from the question of breach of contract, is that the RCMP felt itself unable to do its duty as a police force in the strike area of Newfoundland, without the reinforcements that were requested and denied.

But even granting all this, was there any reason for the RCMP commissioner to resign? Wasn't it the responsibility of the minister of justice to decide, and the commissioner's duty to accept the decision?

One answer is that the minister of justice didn't decide this matter. The cabinet did. Davie Fulton, as minister of justice, accepted the advice of Commissioner Nicholson and arrangements were made accordingly to send the reinforcements to Newfoundland—the men were assembled in Moncton and Sydney, all ready to be moved by air. It wasn't until Fulton took the matter to cabinet that he was overruled and the arrangements canceled.

Constitutionally, of course, this makes no difference—it's the governor-in-council that has the authority, not the individual minister. But in human terms it makes a very great difference. It's one thing to defer to the decision of a respected minister who knows the facts; it's quite another to be reversed by twenty-two politicians worried about the labor vote.

Liberals and CCF are politicians, too—that's why there hasn't been more fuss in the House of Commons about the government's action. The Liberals are not as badly split as they look. They're unanimously against the refusal to reinforce the RCMP, unanimously in favor of a full enquiry into the whole thing. All that divides them is Joey Smallwood's rather hysterical legislation, which the five Newfoundland members favor and the rest oppose.

(Incidentally, the one Conservative back-bencher from Newfoundland, James McGrath, also dissociated himself from the government's position and, by inference, backed Smallwood against the loggers' union.)

This division is enough to inhibit the Liberals from demanding an immediate general debate on the whole issue. They couldn't hope to limit such a debate to the question of reinforcements, and therefore they would be embarrassed by their own differences of view. But these differences do not in fact run very deep.

Moreover, the government did the Liberals the favor of providing, right in the middle of the fuss over the lumber strike, an extra grievance for Newfoundland on which all Grits could get together: Prime Minister Diefenbaker's statement that the payments to Newfoundland, recommended by the McNair Commission, would be paid for five years only.

Both Conservatives and Liberals were staggered by the political ineptitude of this statement—especially coming from a political maestro like John Diefenbaker. It was as if Glenn Gould had made a botch of playing Chopsticks. As friend and foe kept saying to each other the next day, "He didn't need to say it."

The McNair Commission had recommended a payment to Newfoundland of eight million dollars a year, for an indefinite period. This was a fulfillment of the terms of union, whereby "the form and scale of additional financial assistance" to the new province was to be recommended by a royal commission within eight years after Confederation.

Liberals had indicated only one mild criticism of the McNair Commission's report—they thought the sum of eight million should not have been frozen for all time, but should be made subject to periodic review. If the prime minister had said merely that—if he had accepted the McNair Report "subject to a further review in five years' time"—no voice would have been raised against him. Instead he declared flatly that "the duration of the payments should be limited to five years," and thereafter "Newfoundland's position can be considered in the light of the general methods of providing financial assistance to the provinces." Next day, Premier Joey Smallwood ordered Newfoundland's public buildings hung with black crepe, by way of celebrating the tenth anniversary of Confederation.

Some Conservatives were so puzzled by this blunder that they concluded it hadn't really been a Diefenbaker statement at all. (He did read it rather clumsily, as if he hadn't read it before.) These skeptics are convinced that while the voice was the voice of Jacob, the hand was the hand of Donald Methuen Fleming, minister of finance.

However, they can take comfort in the thought that the problem is not new. As long ago as 1834 the Montreal Weekly Abstract reprinted the following item from the London Spectator:

"The Newfoundland Colonial Assembly met to consider the reply of Mr. Stanley, our late Secretary for the Colonies, to an application for pecuniary assistance. Mr. Stanley had declined bringing the subject before Parliament, on the ground that the colony was sufficiently wealthy to pay its own expenses, if its affairs were managed with economy. This reply had somewhat troubled the worthy cod and whale fishers; but it seems a merited rebuke." ★



Could the Mounties be forced into a mainly decorative role?

BACKSTAGE WITH THE PM'S CARICATURISTS

To the world's cartoonists, Diefenbaker is blimp, Mountie, freshman, logger. Who's nearest?

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Cummings
LONDON DAILY EXPRESS



Vicky
LONDON DAILY MIRROR



Abu
LONDON OBSERVER



Kutty
DELHI HINDUSTHAN STANDARD

Backstage WITH AMBULANCES / They stand on guard. But how well?

THERE'S increasing evidence that many deaths are caused by what happens to the victims after an accident, because ambulance service is often slow and inefficient.

In Montreal a longshoreman who broke his hip lay in the snow for 70 minutes before an ambulance arrived. He contracted pneumonia and almost died. Montreal Labor Council demanded action. "Meanwhile," says the council's president Guy Lefebvre, "people are still dying in the street."

"Trained ambulance men can look after 80% of injuries, but untrained men often do untold dam-

age to traffic victims," a committee of doctors reported to the Ontario Medical Association. Saskatchewan, the only province with a law requiring ambulance crews to be trained, has had a lower highway death rate since the law was passed.

The "best" place to have an accident or a sudden illness is at a big public event like the Canadian National Exhibition, where St. John Ambulance men and ambulances (they have 43) are on the spot.

Many people regard ambulances as vehicles that speed through red

lights with sirens wailing — yet manage to arrive late at accidents. "We don't like using the siren," says Leonard Klinck, whose three ambulances make him one of the biggest of Toronto's 15 operators. "We only use it on rush calls."

In Windsor there's so much competition that an ambulance driver was recently charged with careless driving after he raced a competitor to pick up victims.

An ambulance costs about \$14,000. City operators usually trade in their vehicles after three years, partly because many customers demand luxurious ambulances.

Background

TIPS FOR TIP-TOPPERS

Biggest problem for more than 300,000 Canadian women is height; they're taller than 5 ft. 8 in. This spring they'll get special advice—from The Tall Girl's Handbook (Doubleday) by Gwen Davenport. How should they behave? "Accept your height. Dress your age and don't wear what doesn't fit. Never carry an umbrella," says Mrs. Davenport, herself a six-footer. One advantage: Arthur Murray says tall girls are better dancers. Tall girls have already

formed clubs in Vancouver, Edmonton, Hamilton and Toronto.

ESKIMO PROSPECTORS

A big headache in the development of the north has always been the Eskimo's failure to cash in on any boom. Now one company may have found a solution. North Rankin Nickel Mines on northern Hudson Bay is teaching Eskimo hunters elementary prospecting; they're shown mineral samples and told to report anything similar they see. They're paid now in grocery chits. But an Eskimo who spots a valuable deposit will "share handsomely in the profits," says North Rankin vice-

president Dr. Wilf Weber. This summer 32 Eskimos will go out with four company parties. Next year they may be taken on staff.

PILOTS' HAZARD: THE AUTO

Every time an RCAF plane crashes it makes a headline. But few people know the Air Force loses more personnel in auto smash-ups than in air accidents (83 killed in cars in two years; 72 in airplanes). This summer RCAF safety supervisors will study ground traffic in a special course at Aylmer, Ont. They'll spread the gospel in a stepped-up safety program at all air force bases.

SPLIT PERSONALITY



Millions of Canadians have seen former Hollywood actress Betty Furness selling Westinghouse products in TV commercials. But

in Canadian commercials they see only her face; the hands and arms belong to Canadian actress Barbara Chercover. Peterson Productions in Toronto shoots special footage wherever there's a close-up of a Canadian Westinghouse product, slightly different from U.S. models. It's spliced into imported commercials.

Editorial

Isn't Canada's word binding any more?

What's the worth of Canada's word nowadays? If you were advising a foreign friend could you tell him to accept the spoken pledge of a Canadian representative? Or would you have him get everything in writing, and hire a lawyer to read all the fine print, before making or taking any commitment?

This grave question has been raised by two incidents of the past year. One is recent and familiar, the controversy between Ottawa and Newfoundland about RCMP reinforcements (see Backstage, page 2). The other is half forgotten in Canada, though unfortunately remembered abroad — the withdrawal of Canada's undertaking to buy two acknowledged masterpieces for the National Gallery.

Trustees of the National Gallery negotiated the deal under an authority they got from the cabinet in October 1953. By that cabinet decision, never revoked by the new government, trustees were authorized to buy paintings up to an aggregate value of two million dollars. They had spent nearly \$1.6 million during four years, in purchases that raised the National Gallery from a commonplace to a fairly distinguished collection.

This money was not appropriated in advance. Each item had to be approved by parliament before payment could be made. By the strict letter of the law no promise to buy could be binding, because only parliament could make one. Any prior commitment by the cabinet or its officials had no more force than a gentleman's agreement — no more, but no less.

That's what was made when the government, a year ago, authorized the director of the National Gallery to spend the remainder of the two million dollars on the two masterpieces. With that specific authority from the cabinet, he gave his word — Canada's word. One week later the cabinet changed its mind and instructed him to back out of the agreement.

The official explanation, in parliament last February 25, was that the cabinet was misinformed; it had authorized the purchase on the wrong assumption that the money had been voted previously. There are some ministers in whom such confusion would be plausible. But here the minister concerned was Davie Fulton, the ablest man in the cabinet. To believe that Fulton of all people could let work go forward on his departmental estimates from December to May, without knowing that they included an item of \$440,000 for paintings that he had discussed repeatedly with his officials — this is a strain on credulity. It is easier, to say the least, to believe that Fulton carried his point with his colleagues on May 2, 1958, but then was overruled a week later.

Skepticism is now reinforced by what happened in Newfoundland. Again there is reason to think Davie Fulton was overruled. Again there was a prior commitment — to reinforce the RCMP at the request of a province. Again the commitment was found to contain some hitherto unsuspected fine print, and some hitherto unsuspected political embarrassments. So, again, the former was used to elude the latter.

It seems to us that in both these cases, Canada's name for honest dealing has suffered.

Mailbag

- ✓ Canada is seen as a modern Switzerland
- ✓ Is Tommy Douglas too funny?
- ✓ Why B.C. undergrads are carrying umbrellas

YOUR EDITORIAL, The Dilemma of our Defense Policy (March 28) took courage—and much good sense. Were Canada to act upon it we might outgrow our tag-along status and become pioneers once more, and in a new dimension. — HUBERT EVANS, ROBERT'S CREEK, B.C.

✓ I can hardly agree with you. It's a good thing we are closely linked with the U.S. Canada won't be spared, for the Russians are only out to steal what they can or what others have worked hard for.—SAMUEL J. CORBETT, NORTH VANCOUVER.

✓ I know that I reflect the feeling of many church folk when I say that your leadership is something they have prayed for.—REV. FRANK A. MCPHEE, KIMBERLEY, B.C.

✓ . . . well stated, very timely, and needs to be said over and over again.—MRS. J. RUSSELL, CHAPMAN CAMP, B.C.

✓ Why cannot Canada become the modern Switzerland—a place of refuge not defense?—A. J. MAYBEE, NEW LISKEARD, ONT.

✓ Bravo!—DONALD A. BAILEY, SASKATOON.

✓ . . . reminds me of an equally silly statement made by M. J. Coldwell in the House of Commons, in the middle 1930s. He said, in effect, "Belgium armed and was attacked by the Germans in 1914; Denmark did not arm and was not attacked."—G. A. MCCARTER, VICTORIA.

High fashion in Vancouver

As an easterner who has spent a few years on the University of British Co-



lumbia campus, I take exception to Preview of March 28. The carrying of an umbrella at UBC, or anywhere in Vancouver for that matter, is not a fad but an absolute necessity.—PHILIP C. EASTMAN, VANCOUVER.

Legislative levity

To Premier Tommy Douglas politics may be a laughing matter (Mar. 28). But to those who have to endure the galling effects of his nonsense translated into legislation, it would be happier if there was more sincerity and less levity, more common sense and less nonsense.—GEORGE MILLER, LANIGAN, SASK.

✓ Please print some more humorous sayings of members of parliament. This old world needs more things to laugh

about.—MRS. NEVILLE MALET-VEALE, NANAIMO.

Sentimental about spring

Robert Thomas Allen's *The Spring We Knew When We Were Kids* (Mar. 28) was funny and sentimental without being cloying. Canadians don't fully appreciate Maclean's; its standard of writing is excellent.—TREVOR LAUTENS, HAMILTON.

✓ I can still feel the thrill of exchanging my prickly woolies for soft cool cotton and my padded bonnet for a jaunty straw sailor hat, and with my



petticoats rustling and my pigtailed flying in the breeze I needed no boys wading in muddy creeks to tell me spring had come.—MISS GERTRUDE JEEVES, VANCOUVER.

Not by the book

I have read with deep interest *How I Found The Man Who Killed My Son* (Feb. 28). I am very sorry, if the story is exact, at the attitude of the police in this matter. I am the founder and former commanding officer of the Montreal Police Department's Missing Persons Bureau, and when I was officiating, I tried to do so in a humanitarian manner and definitely not by the "book." Never in all the years I spent in this work did a person have to wait more than 20 minutes at the most to see me.—WILLIAM G. PHILLIPS, LIEUTENANT OF DETECTIVES, MONTREAL.

Are anthems holy?

Hereward Allix (*Does Canada really need a National Anthem?*, Mar. 28) seems to be ignorant of the fact that the constitutions of the Commonwealth nations are derived from Holy Writ, and their citizens are—at least nominally—Christians. The origins of Britain's national flag, the Union Jack, are also Christian. Our national anthem, *God Save the Queen*, far from being boastful and pompous, is a humble prayer for protection and prosperity. What's wrong with that?—MRS. M. G. CADWALLADER, VICTORIA.

✓ It is high time Canadians realized that such symbols as flags and anthems are prerequisites to national unity.—DONALD A. WILHELM, SASKATOON.

✓ The article cannot be improved upon. Canada does not need a national anthem any more than a national flag; both are not conducive to a united Canada.—J. A. TARDIF, ST. LAMBERT, QUE. ★

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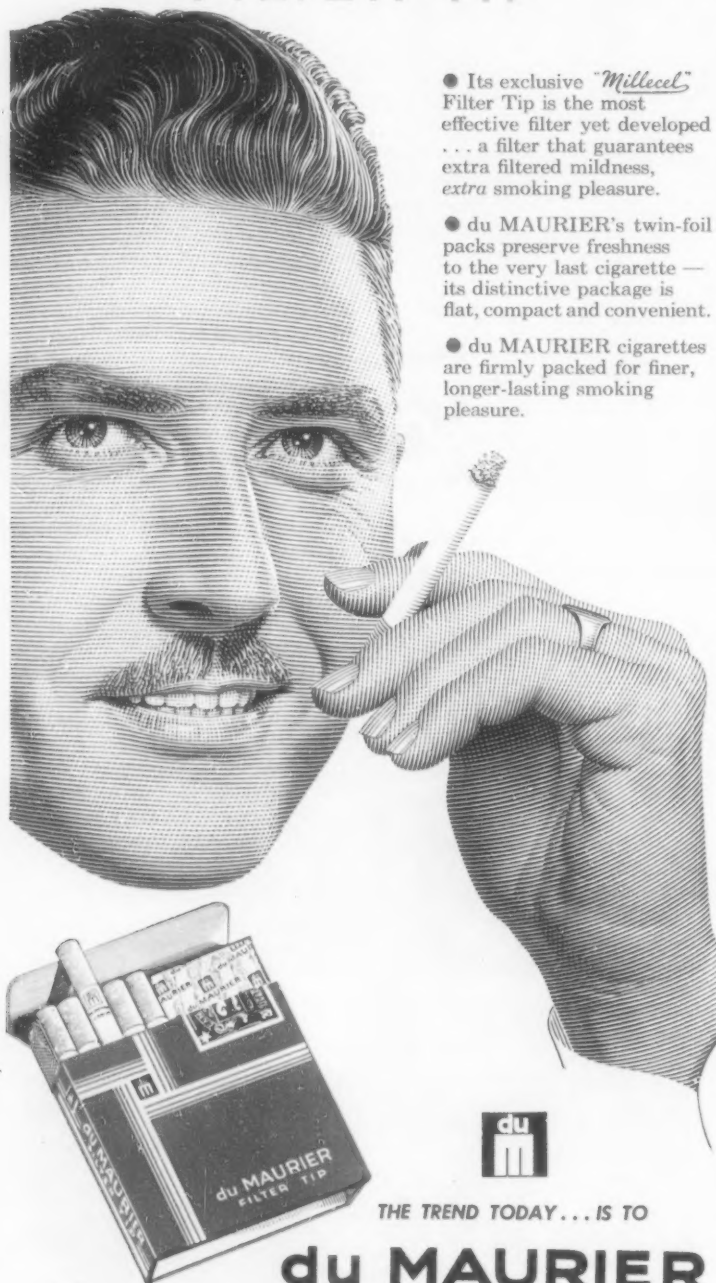
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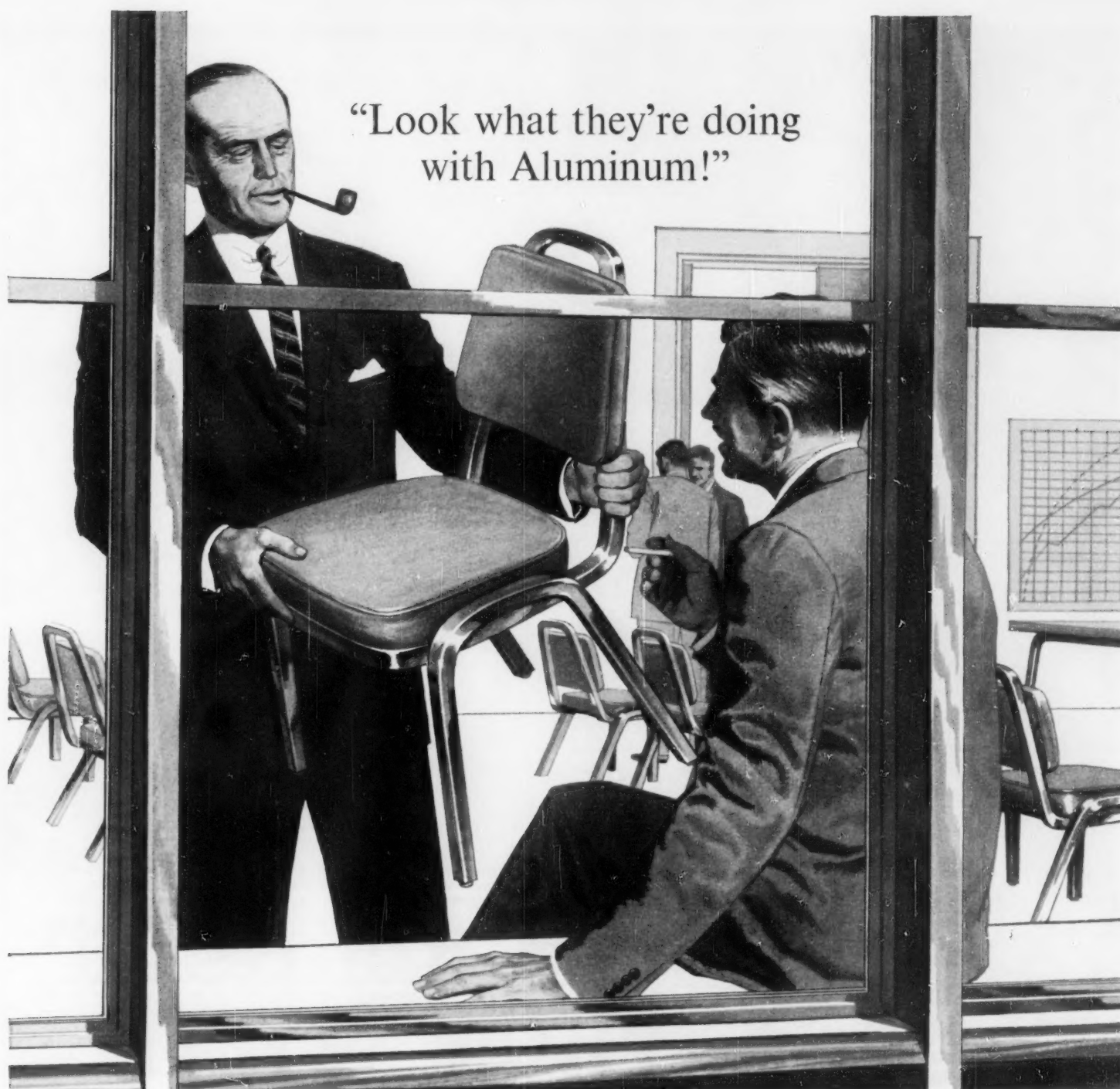


THE COVER

When the ice has gone and spring has come at last to the lower St. Lawrence River, the families who haul cargo in flat-bottomed, motor-driven *geolettes* love to get reacquainted. **John Little** shows what happens when boy meets girl again after the months of separation.

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For the sake of argument



REGINALD STACKHOUSE SAYS

Schools should teach religion as a subject, not a faith

In recent months, the editorial pages of Toronto's newspapers have been filled with letters on the subject "Should religion be taught in the schools?" with most of these letters arguing that it should not.

This is only to be expected because people who are against something are usually more vocal than those who are content with things as they are. A sizable number of clergy, parents, teachers, and citizens at large, however, have taken the other stand that the present system of including a period of religious teaching in the school week is desirable and necessary. This system is practiced in seven out of ten provinces in Canada, the only provinces where religious instruction is not provided in schools being Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, and British Columbia. In B.C. high-school students may be given academic credit for courses taken at their own churches.

Juvenile morals low?

For argument's sake, I would like to advance a third point of view which no one has yet advocated. I do not believe we should abolish religious education. Nor do I believe we should keep it as it is. I believe we should improve it. And I say that as a clergyman who has participated in the present system for nine years.

It needs improvement, first, in the purpose of this religious instruction. Secondly, it needs improvement in the subject matter which is taught. Thirdly, it needs improvement in the teachers who present this material. Let's deal with each of these in turn.

First, why should religion be taught in schools? Its advocates argue that belief in God is necessary for good living, that many children receive no religious instruction in their homes or in churches, and that the low moral level of many juveniles shows the need to present some moral teach-

ing in the institution where it can be most effectively taught.

The opponents of religious education come back at these arguments with their claim that it is not right to teach children the beliefs of one religion when they and their parents hold another faith. A parent has the right to remove his children from a class where religion is being taught; but, say the critics, this subjects children to the psychological suffering of being singled out from the rest of the class. Religion should be taught only in the home and in the church, they say.

What we need in this controversy between such opposite points of view is to lift it out of the battleground on which these opinions are fighting and recognize that the true purpose of religious education in our schools should not be the persuading of children to accept religious faith. Education's aim should not be to persuade but to inform, and as this is possible in the teaching of history, so it is possible in the teaching of religion. We need to improve our religious education in the public schools by seeing that its purpose is not the acceptance of faith in God, but the imparting of information about religion.

Part of the human story

Why should this be done in schools? My answer is that children should receive knowledge about religion in their schools for the same reason they receive knowledge about anything else. The aim of education should be to inform students about the life of the human race to which they belong. Government is part of that human story and so they should be taught the history of nations, especially their own. Religion is part of the human story too, and so children should be taught the meaning of religion, especially the religions which they find in their own society. **continued on page 50**

R. F. STACKHOUSE IS AN ANGLICAN MINISTER IN WEST TORONTO.



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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Macmillan's 30 fateful minutes in Moscow

There are times when some of us who are engaged in politics wonder if the British system of government is as superior to the American as we think. In fact has not the world scene altered so sharply in the last few years that the British would be wise to set up a committee of inquiry into the whole question of parliamentary government under modern conditions?

Just for a moment let us contrast the situation of the American president vis-à-vis the British prime minister. A few years ago in Washington I had arranged to meet President Truman at the White House but as it happened he had made his annual State of the Union speech on the previous evening with the result that the morning newspapers were calling for his blood. In the circumstances he would almost certainly cancel my appointment or, at best, give me five minutes of polite talk.

But sharp on time I was ushered into his presence and he greeted me with the smile of a man who had so little to do that he was quite glad to have a visitor. Yet he was within a few weeks of facing his last election.

"Mr. President," I said, "you surprise me. I expected to find your desk littered with press clippings and I supposed you would

either cancel my appointment or throw me out after five minutes."

Again he smiled. "You must have been reading my press notices. Are they very bad?"

"They were savage," I answered.

Mr. Truman chuckled. "I knew what the newspaper boys would be saying this morning. In fact if any of them had been stuck I could have written their editorials for them." Then he took my arm and led me to a globe of the world on a swivel.

"General Eisenhower gave me that," he said. He pointed to Korea. "That's where our next trouble is coming from."

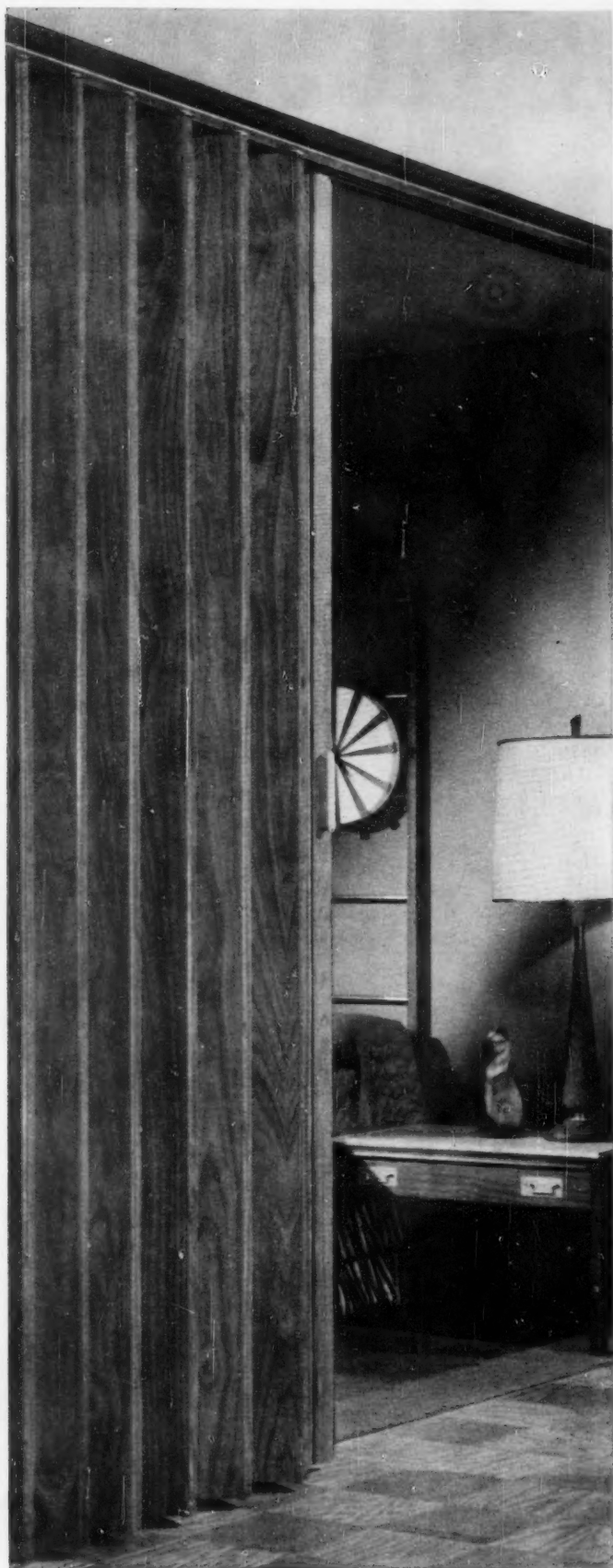
The following day, lunching with the editors of the New York Times, I predicted that Truman, then on the eve of an election, would be the next president. The city editor laughed so hard that he actually fell off his chair. But that is part of the charm of Americans. Their emotions so frequently rule their judgment.

My purpose in recalling that talk with Mr. Truman is to contrast the detachment of an American president as compared, say, with Harold Macmillan today. At any time the Prime Minister has to be ready to face the Grand Inquest of the nation when for the first hour of each day's parliamentary sitting

continued on page 66



Apart from sharing guffaws with Khrushchev and Mikoyan, Macmillan was given TV time to explain the West's position to the Russians.



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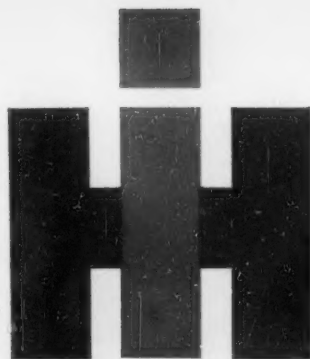
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HOW DANGEROUS IS NATURAL GAS?



Three quarters of a million Canadians use it. Another million are potential customers. But headlined explosions have made many fearful about using this great power source. To what extent are their fears justified? Is it safe to bring this new fuel into your home?

BY MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOGRAPH BY HORST EHRLICH

Every day a relatively unknown and highly explosive fuel is pumped through pipes below the streets of five hundred municipalities between Vancouver and Montreal.

Factories, warehouses, office blocks, stores, schools and homes use it for power, heating, cooking, refrigeration, air-conditioning and other purposes. But if it escapes, it has the strength to blow every village, town and city that stands above its course into a mount of corpse-strewn rubble. This fuel—natural gas—has three times the heat and twice the volatility of the manufactured gas it has replaced in every province west of the Maritimes.

Alive to its dangers, the provinces of British Columbia, Alberta,

Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Quebec have introduced stringent laws regulating the safety of natural-gas distribution. In Ontario, where the overwhelming majority of accidents have occurred, a gas safety bill is being drafted for the legislature by the provincial fuel board. But until it is passed, safety precautions are largely in the hands of the gas companies.

During the past five years fifteen Ontario people have been burned or blasted to death by natural gas and more than a hundred others have been injured. Damage from natural-gas fires and explosions has amounted to six million dollars. Ontario Fire Marshal W. J. Scott has described natural gas as "the caged tiger."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Accidents can never be entirely eliminated, but we're proud of our safe



Explosion from an uncapped pipe in an Ottawa basement last fall was Canada's costliest natural gas blast.

Prevention program carried on by gas companies includes checking all furnaces, as in this Toronto home.

One of the latest of a long series of accidents in which Ontario homes have been blown to pieces occurred late last month. Two gas company employees repairing a leak in the basement of an Oakville home accidentally released a large volume of natural gas. They rushed upstairs shouting to the family: "For God's sake get out." A mother and three children escaped a few seconds before a spark from the furnace touched off a detonation that reduced the property to a heap of debris.

The Ontario disasters, and the recriminations that followed them, have been so widely publicized that three quarters of a million customers in Canada, and a million potential customers, find themselves in a dilemma. They are asking, "Is it safe to use natural gas?"

For more than forty years, natural gas has been found and used in small quantities in southwestern Ontario without any remarkable effect on the accident rate. It was not until 1954, when large

supplies were first piped into the province, that spectacular and often fatal detonations began to occur with alarming frequency. The first natural gas from outside Ontario was American. Last October, when the Trans-Canada Pipe Line Company's system was completed, the American supply gave way to natural gas from Alberta. Both these newer gases have inflicted a severe loss of life and money on Ontario.

Of six million dollars total damage, five million dollars' worth was caused by an explosion last October in the basement of a two-story building in downtown Ottawa. The property was blown to fragments. The adjoining buildings, a movie theatre and an auto showroom, were wrecked. Every window in an eight-story office building half a block away was shattered. A janitor died of third-degree burns and even though the accident happened early on a Saturday morning, thirty-eight passers-by were injured.

Serious explosions have also occurred in Calgary, Winnipeg and Montreal, but the biggest incidence of accidents has been in the area bounded by the Ontario cities of London, Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa and Cornwall.

Despite the Ontario accidents, natural gas ranks today as Canada's fastest-growing source of fuel. Eighty-eight percent of the natural gas now used in Canada is drawn from wells in British Columbia and Alberta. Since the end of the war the number of customers has multiplied from two hundred and fifty thousand to nearly eight hundred thousand. The Canadian Gas Association, an organization of distributing companies, is confident that at least a million more customers eventually will buy it.

This optimism is based on predictions of the recent Royal Commission on Canada's Economic Prospects, which estimates that natural gas will develop most quickly as an industrial fuel and

safety measures"



dian Plumbers and Mechanical Contractors Association, says: "Once potential customers have got it fixed in their minds that natural gas is dangerous, you can't sell 'em. They say they've heard about the accidents in the east and that they wouldn't have it in the house for love nor money."

The Ontario accidents have also aroused a clamor of criticism. Last February John J. Wintermeyer, Liberal opposition leader in the Ontario Legislature, accused Leslie Frost's Conservative government of "toying with its responsibilities," in its failure to regulate the safety of natural-gas distribution. Last November, after the death of a mother and child in a Palermo, Ont., natural-gas explosion, Reeve Alex McPherson of nearby West Flamboro said: "The gas companies are getting away with murder."

But Oakah L. Jones, general manager of Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, one of the oldest and biggest in the business, claims the ratio of accidents to gas consumers is no higher than the ratio of accidents to consumers of other fuels. "We are being persecuted for political reasons," he says, "by newspapers and politicians opposed to the present provincial government, and for commercial reasons by other fuel interests."

Criticisms of the Ontario distributors by technicians, politicians, editorial writers and vendors of other fuels are based largely on the fact that some natural-gas companies are using — as an economy measure — many miles of pipes that were laid in the days of Victoria, Edward VII and George V. These were installed to carry the now almost obsolete manufactured gas to old-fashioned mantle lamps, stoves and laundry boilers. Most critics see significance in the fact that most of the accidents have occurred in communities where many properties are receiving natural gas through pipes once used for manufactured gas.

Most old manufactured-gas pipes are made of cast iron. Usually they are jointed by the bell-and-spigot method, that is by pushing the small-calibre end of one section of pipe into the big-calibre end of another, and sealing the union with packing. New pipes, laid especially for natural gas, are nearly all steel, with welded joints. Gradually the cast-iron pipes are being replaced by

steel pipes, but in the opinion of many experts the cast-iron pipes should never have been used at all.

M. S. Hurst, Ontario deputy fire marshal, says: "Ninety percent of the natural-gas accidents I've investigated stemmed from the use of old manufactured-gas pipes. There is widespread and dangerous ignorance of the radical differences between natural gas and manufactured gas."

Chemically the two are quite different. Manufactured gas, usually made from coal, is compounded largely of carbon monoxide and hydrogen. The main constituents of natural gas, which is an effluvium from fossilized fish, are methane and ethane.

Nor is there any similarity in their heat content, which is gauged by the British Thermal Unit, a standard measure. Manufactured gas contains about four hundred and fifty BTUs per cubic foot and natural gas contains about fifteen hundred. In combustion, therefore, natural gas is three times hotter than manufactured gas.

Both gases may be exploded by a spark or naked flame. Manufactured gas becomes explosive when it is mixed in a proportion of five parts to one part of air. When it reaches a proportion of fifteen parts to one part of air the mixture is too rich to detonate and merely burns. Natural gas explodes initially in a mixture with air of three parts to one. It remains in an explosive state until it reaches a density of thirty parts to one of air. Thus natural gas is almost twice as susceptible to explosion as manufactured gas. "Furthermore," says Dr. R. R. McLaughlin, head of the University of Toronto Department of Chemical Engineering, "the detonation of natural gas is very much sharper than that of manufactured gas."

Manufactured gas is humid and in passing through bell-and-spigot joints of cast-iron pipes its moisture tends to swell and seal the packing. Natural gas is dry, and although gas companies add humidity it still tends to desiccate the packing in cast-iron pipe joints and so leak more readily than manufactured gas.

Manufactured gas has a strong odor and can usually be detected by smell. Natural gas is odorless. Even though the gas **continued on page 61**

most noticeably at the expense of coal and wood. By 1980, the commission says, the contribution of natural gas to total energy consumption will rise from its present figure of six percent to twenty-five percent.

Only oil and hydro-electric power, says the commission, will hold their own against natural gas. The consumption of oil will remain steady until 1980 at about forty-five percent of the total. The consumption of hydro-electric power will rise from ten to eleven percent of the total. Nuclear fission, not yet a power source in Canada, will, by 1980, provide two percent of our energy.

Even though the technical and financial experts of the commission are certain that nothing can stop natural gas from becoming Canada's number-two fuel, the industry today is encountering stiff resistance to sales, largely because of the Ontario accidents.

John Semans, Manitoba chairman of the Cana-

Two views on the dangers of natural gas



W. J. SCOTT

fire marshal of Ontario, which has the worst record of accidents, describes gas as "the caged tiger."



OAKAH L. JONES

head of Consumers' Gas Company in Toronto, claims the accident ratios for other fuels are just as great.



Students from all of Varsity's tangled web of faculties gather to bellow Christmas carols in Hart House's Great Hall.



The University of Toronto: Can it survive sheer size?

It's already too big, claims this graduate, and it'll soon be bigger. But a searching look at its famous grads—and its current army of 14,000 students—suggests there's little chance it will become an academic sausage machine

BY BARBARA MOON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN BELL

The daily commuter, southbound for downtown Toronto, is scarcely aware that the traffic thrusts around and through a seventy-seven-acre archipelago in the centre of the city. He races down Queen's Park Drive from Bloor Street right between the islands and sees only ambiguous outcroppings — a museum couching to his right, stony and composed; a flick of iron fence; trees, slate roofs, towers; a glimpse of fairway and an episode of dingy late-winter snow; a grey building, and a line of greenhouses where the cars brake for the College Street traffic light.

The archipelago is the University of Toronto, the

biggest university in Canada, assailed by the ceaseless lapse and surge of Canada's second biggest city. Two other thoroughways—Bay Street and St. George—force its margins, and one major crosstown tributary, Harbour Street, discharges morning traffic straight across it to join the main channel of Queen's Park.

The university suffers these passages by retiring into polite anonymity. No sign anywhere about the place says that this is the University of Toronto and there is no such thing as a main entrance.

It is, in a way, symbolic that the university should be no tidy compound with encircling wall and important



front door. It is not so easily contained or labeled.

Not long ago Dr. Claude Bissell, the dapper new president of the university, mused, "I like to think of Vincent Massey as our perfect flowering."

Massey, who was first a student and later a history teacher there, seems at first glance sufficiently comprehensive for the nomination. His report on arts and culture showed him to have a decent academic ability to deal with evidence. He attended every one of the one hundred and fourteen public sessions and read each of the four hundred and sixty-two briefs. Furthermore, Massey was born a Methodist but became an Anglican as an undergraduate, which makes him a handy illustration of the university's emphasis on thinking for oneself.

Approaching Massey, a writer once said, is like entering a Gothic cathedral—which makes him a fitting reminder of the solemn aspirations the university hopes each student has. And Massey has been by turns a soldier, a business tycoon, a politician, a diplomat, a writer and a viceroy, which are all proper public-spirited pursuits for a gentleman, a scholar and a good Varsity man.

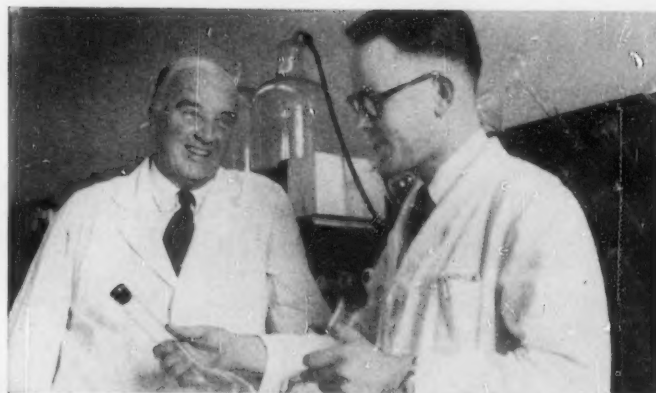
Along these lines the university likewise boasts of having schooled two prime ministers, Arthur Meighen and Mackenzie King, a number of industrialists of the order of Col. W. E. Phillips of Argus Corporation, writers like Stephen Leacock and B. K. Sandwell, and twenty-five percent of Canada's Department of External Affairs.

Yet Massey, with his faint air of aristocratic forbearance, is scarcely a complete account of the university that produced two comedians like Wayne and Shuster, or a truculent scientist like Sir Frederick Banting, or an outspoken renegade like Dr. William Blatz, or a maverick artist like J. W. Morrice, or a poet who could be described as "a sort of versifying Bernarr MacFadden," like Ned Pratt.

It's questionable whether any single symbol can define the university's disparate elements. When, a few years ago, the administration commissioned novelist Morley Callaghan to write a piece about Varsity the undertaking got right out of hand. He set out to define its tone and before he'd finished he found himself with a whole book. Yet, though he'd resorted to the convenience of novel form, he still couldn't subdue the university into a single kind of place or its products into men of a unique stamp. Today he still insists, "It's idiotic to try to pick the typical U. of T. man."

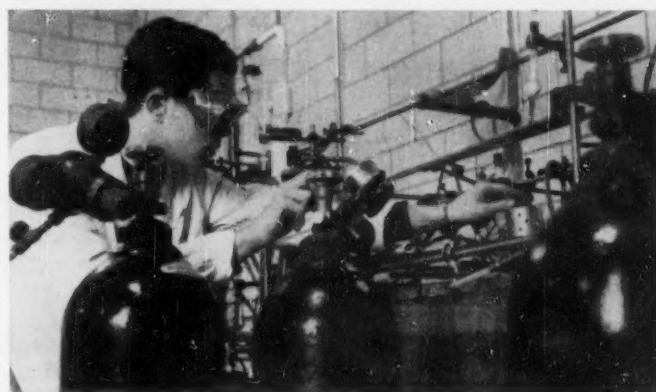
It's too big. This year the university has fourteen thousand undergraduates, and no place for four fifths of them to live. There aren't half enough parking spaces for the students who commute. There isn't room for the law school, which has had to move four and a half miles away to quarters in north Toronto. The school of architecture is billeted in an abandoned curling rink. The new campus library, only four years old, is already too small. In the basement of the zoology building the cloakrooms, the corridors, the caretaker's quarters and

PURE SCIENCE



In the institute named after him, Dr. Charles Best, co-discoverer of insulin, still probes the boundaries of knowledge, and guides postgraduate students.

ENGINEERING



For long hours in white lab coats, the men of Skule plug away at full, rugged courses. In spare time, in labeled windbreakers, they raise traditional hell.

THE ARTS



In polyglot University College, language Professor E. A. Joliat squeezes out a French vowel lesson. Arts is split into four federated colleges.

SOCIAL SCIENCE



At the School of Nursing — amid the latest in glittering equipment — students watch a capped instructor show how classroom theories are applied practically.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

These are the strings that hold it all together



The main library draws students from every faculty. Its stockpiled learning and rare books are open to thousands of graduates.



All Varsity roots for the "Blues"—name of every U. of T. team. At football, hockey they're champs; at basketball, runners-up.



Undergrad high-jinks, frequently led by the Varsity editors (above) unite campus forces. One annual caper is an auction for charity. Date with coed in skirt and sweater (below) brought \$60. An editor once sold for \$6.90.



the lavatories have all had to be turned into labs and offices — which flood periodically when the plumbing gets overloaded.

It's too unwieldy. The university consists of four federated arts colleges with an arts faculty to teach them, nine professional faculties, five schools, three institutes and three theological colleges. It's affiliated with the Ontario Agricultural College and the Ontario Veterinary College at Guelph, and with the Ontario College of Art, the Royal Conservatory of Music and the Royal Ontario Museum in Toronto. It operates an observatory on a hill north of town, a theatre on the campus, a publishing house that prints more books by Canadian authors than any other in the country, and the research laboratories that produce all Canada's insulin and almost all its Salk vaccine.

Besides its more visible real estate it owns frontage rights for four blocks along College Street and up and down both sides of Toronto's Head Office Row, University Avenue; and it owns two farms in rural Ontario, a forest, a survey camp and a steam bath.

People are always adding to its possessions. Sigmund Samuel's Canadiana Gallery was a welcome acquisition, and so was one of Sitting Bull's shirts, which is now in the museum. But the administration is still wondering what to do with two caps, two gowns and a hood someone gave them, and a music-publishing house, with a branch in England, that someone else left them in a will.

The world and its circumstances keep nudging the university. The registrar has had to stop Latinizing the names on graduation diplomas, for the current Kims, Rorys, Tabs and Karens resist translation. Sputnik has prompted a new honor course, Slavic studies, and a new three-year general course—a sort of special get-acquainted offer—in maths and the basic sciences. The faculty of applied science and engineering has stowed a new, sub-critical reactor in a concrete closet in the Wallberg Memorial Building for the use of its graduate students. The departments of astronomy and electrical engineering have jointly installed radio astronomy equipment at the David Dunlap Observatory north of the city, on the slopes of Richmond Hill, and can now tune in on the ancient thunders of Jupiter and the singing of galactic hydrogen clouds.

And by 1969 the university expects to be faced with an enrollment of twenty-three thousand. So in Simcoe Hall the property committees sit around a board, which represents a new thirty-five-acre campus west of St. George Street, and play Monopoly with toy models of new residences and new faculty buildings. The expansion project will cost fifty million dollars and is to be launched this fall.

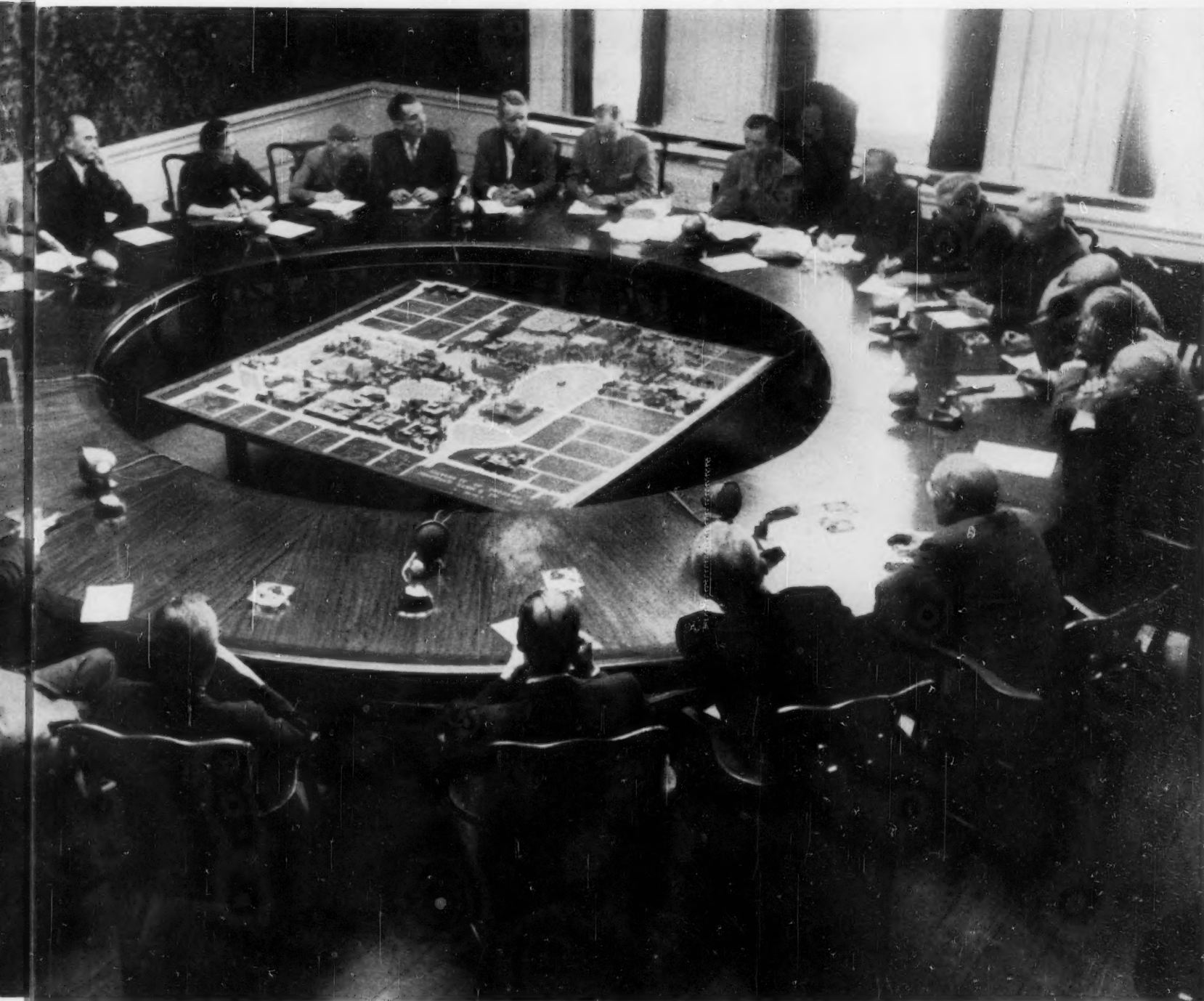
Is there any pattern to this sprawling, spreading agglomeration?

If you want to try your hand at deciphering you must, since there's no front door, join the millrace on Queen's Park Crescent and let yourself be jostled to its edge. Then you sheer off, drop through a discreet and unmarked tunnel and so are shot out into a placid eddy circling a patch of greensward piebald with melting snow. This is the front campus and physical core of the university.

Across on the southwest sector squats the great dome of Convocation Hall, and its cool, precise annex, Simcoe Hall, which houses the university's household **continued on page 55**



FIFTEEN THOUSAND CANA



A scale model of the campus as it will be in 1969 serves as the focal point for a meeting of administrative chiefs, with President Bissell (high-backed chair) presiding. The University once leased out much of its land, now must get it all back.

Ronald Bales, engineering '59, already knows what firm he'll be working for.



AND CANADIANS GET DEGREES IN '59. TO FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE WORTH,

TURN THE PAGE ►



Lager employers leave literature at U of T placement centre. Thoughtful students sift it, then sign up for interviews.

Courted by hundreds of company recruiters
right on the campus,
wooed by 1,200 other firms through
ads, letters and phone calls,
the universities' job-conscious senior students
are the coveted prizes in

The hectic scramble for the class of '59

This year's crop:

WHO ARE THEY?

The four seniors at right—being interviewed, and on the scene of the jobs they have chosen—are among fifteen thousand who are graduating from fifty-two Canadian universities and colleges this year. Bachelors of arts, 5,659 strong, make up the largest group; a dozen specialists in child study are the smallest. The others are:

PURE SCIENCE	1,693
AGRICULTURE	363
ARCHITECTURE	184
COMMERCE AND BUSINESS	956
DENTISTRY	206
EDUCATION	2,478
ENGINEERING	2,143
GRAPHIC ARTS	83
FORESTRY	139
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE	301
SECRETARIAL SCIENCE	51
PHYSIOTHERAPY	90
PUBLIC HEALTH	87
INTERIOR DESIGN	13
JOURNALISM	24
LAW	723
LIBRARY	96
MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY	75
MEDICINE	501
SOCIAL WORK	328
MUSIC	59
NURSING	1,001
OPTOMETRY	23
PHARMACY	311
PHILOSOPHY	216
PHYSICAL HEALTH	155
SOCIAL SCIENCE	66
THEOLOGY	508
VETERINARY	68

By ERIC HUTTON

Early this year three hundred representatives of more than a hundred Canadian employers and a few from the United States swarmed over the University of Toronto campus in the most concentrated talent hunt ever held in North America. Their quarry was the five hundred young men (plus a handful of women) who will graduate in engineering and science next month.

For three hectic days, from early morning to late afternoon, the final-year students deployed through five university buildings to appraise and be appraised in intensive half-hour interviews by as many as ten employers each. For these exploratory encounters with future bosses the traditionally casual engineers wore neckties, polished shoes and trousers that often matched coats—an innovation that caused one startled professor to peer at youths he had been lecturing all year and enquire: "Who are these people?"

The interviewing accommodation, though, was less formal. Space was at such a premium that executives whose natural habitat is a mahogany desk on a quarter acre of broadloom met job candidates in what one of them described as "broom closets and boiler rooms."

The Atomic Energy Commission's recruiters shared space with Massey-Ferguson's team in the

winch-room atop an elevator shaft; Shell Oil's scouts worked amid air-conditioning machinery in the basement of the mechanical building; the federal government's Civil Service Commission sought future civil servants in an evacuated parcel room; Imperial Oil enlisted tomorrow's petroleum engineers among test tubes and retorts in a laboratory pungent from recent chemical experiments.

When the hubbub of three thousand interviews had subsided, when each company's favored candidates had been re-interviewed and tested by an assortment of questionnaires, when job offers had been made and accepted or rejected, the university's placement bureau could tot up this score: seven eighths of the graduating class had jobs even before they had diplomas, at an average salary of about four hundred dollars a month.

The fact that the rest will not graduate into waiting jobs does not mean they got no offers; rather, in most cases, the offers didn't fill their peculiar requirements. And peculiar indeed are some of the requirements. One embryo engineer insists that his place of employment must not merely be in Toronto, but west of Yonge Street and north of Wilson Avenue. "I live in that area and I don't intend to fight rush-hour traffic to

and from work every day," he said blandly.

Another graduate turned down six good positions because none of them would take him where he could hunt elephants, a sport he has set his heart on. He's now on the trail of a job with an English company that has branches in Africa.

Toronto's three-day hiring jamboree, officially the Concentrated Engineering Recruitment Program—to students "the crash plan"—is only a rather spectacular offshoot of a new function that has mushroomed at all Canadian universities: bringing graduating classes and employers together with a minimum of chaos. Today employers—and that means not only commercial firms but the armed forces, crown companies and, largest recruiters of all, the civil service—are not content to wait for graduates to show up in search of jobs. Enlistment has become a senior occupation in many companies. It costs them up to twelve hundred dollars each in recruiters' salaries and traveling expenses for every graduate hired. Trained teams of as many as six men beat the academic bushes of fifty-two universities and colleges from coast to coast. In addition to the engineer recruiters, more than a hundred and thirty other teams prospected university campuses last year. Another twelve **continued on page 46**



A soap company interviewed Ronald C. Bales on the Toronto campus and later hired him. He will start work right after graduation, as a trainee (below) in the forecasting department of Procter and Gamble Company.

A steel company made its pitch to Gail Hawthorne during the last few weeks of her final year at McMaster. On her new job in Hamilton, with Steel Co. of Canada, she is to program data for an "electronic brain."

An implement manufacturer's job offer appealed to Barry West, who went through the University of Toronto's three-day recruiting blitz for graduating engineers. Soon after, he agreed to take a job with Massey-Ferguson Limited.

An oil company, in the market for a graduate in chemical engineering, selected J. Crawford Dales several months before he received his diploma. He will help to design equipment at Imperial Oil Ltd.'s refinery in Sarnia.

CANADA

needs a lobby in

WASHINGTON



PAID PROPAGANDISTS FOR SPECIAL INTERESTS consistently drown

So let's set up trade and business lobbies of our own, this veteran Washington

and join in earnest the universal game

BY C. KNOWLTON NASH

It's about time we Canadians stopped letting ourselves be pushed around in Washington.

Our complaining of the last couple of years, sometimes shrill but frequently effective, has paid off by forcing a little awareness of Canada through the thick clouds of self-interest cloaking Washington's Capitol Hill. Now is the time to cash in on this new-found American knowledge that there is more above the 49th parallel than ice, snow and Mounties.

This is not a time to sit back gloatingly comforting ourselves with a "Well, we've told 'em" attitude. Now that we've at least partially breached Fortress America, we've got to educate ourselves to operate more effectively in Washington, using the tools of the trade as Washington knows them.

Putting it simply: Canada needs a lobby in Washington.

No matter how frightful such a suggestion may sound to the more sensitive Canadian ears, lobbying is not a dirty word in Washington. It may not seem to be in the hallowed parliamentary tradition of fair play known in Ottawa, but in Washington the legislative process frequently is a log-rolling, you-scratch-my-back-I'll-scratch-yours operation in which the lobbyist is a major figure. The cotton- and peanut-state congressmen will vote for whatever the wheat- and corn-state congressmen want, provided the reverse works, too.

Politics is a cynical game, especially the American style. Self-interest is a powerful factor in influencing the way a congressman votes. It's time we learned to use this self-interest to our own benefit.

And frankly, we've got to use their rules. We can make pleasant official representations from hell to breakfast in Washington, but so long as we can't show them it's in their

own best self-interest, we'll get nowhere.

We may not realize it, but we've got plenty of good cards to play in this Washington game. Perhaps it would not be polite for our diplomats to use these cards. They can't lobby with Congress since they are accredited to the administration, not Congress. But a businessmen's lobby could do the job. It could be organized by a chamber of commerce, Canadian Manufacturers' Association, the exporters, or any such group. And if Canadian sensitivity to the ugly word "lobby" is too great, then call it an "educational office" in Washington.

Actually, there is no reason why there could not be half a dozen or more Canadian lobbies in Washington. One could be there for defense industries, one for farmers, one for lead and zinc producers, one for oil, and so on. This is the way it's done by the U.S. companies and industrial groups. They simply set up shop and openly go about their business of presenting special cases.

Everybody and his brother seems to have a lobby in Washington. Altogether there are 1,500 active lobbyists there, representing postal letter carriers, retired lighthouse keepers, public accountants, Apache Indians, turkey raisers, ice-cream manufacturers, banking

interests, lawyers, charities and even parents.

There is nothing sinister about these lobbies, nor would there be anything sinister about a Canadian lobby. Anybody in Washington who is hired to represent a company, organization or industry concerning planned, proposed or pending legislation must register with the secretary of the Senate and clerk of the House. Under the Lobbying Act passed about twelve years ago, failure to register could mean a stiff fine and a jail term. Once the lobbyist is registered, he must file quarterly reports stating by whom and how much he is paid and how much he spent. These formalities over, the lobbyist is in business and can knock on congressional doors arguing for special treatment, testify before committees, and exert corridor pressure to his heart's content.

The first thing we've got to learn is that it is Congress that gives Canada our worst economic headaches, not the administration. And to go one step further, it is congressional super-sensitivity to both national and local lobbying that causes Congress to trample on our toes.

It is the farm lobby that pushed Congress into the present wide-open bargain-basement farm-surplus disposals that frighten and injure our farmers. The oil lobby was responsible for the import restrictions now hemming in our oil industry. The minerals lobby is behind the lead and zinc quotas now restricting Canadian exports to United States. It also is trying to keep out Canadian uranium after current Canadian contracts with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission are up in 1962. If it succeeds, that industry in Canada may be all but ruined. The fish lobby from New England constantly is chasing Canadian fish imports. The lobbies representing American defense industries are trying to

continued on page 58

out the polite voices of our diplomats in the U.S. capital.

correspondent urges,

of winning friends and influencing politicians

THE SLEUTHS WHO PROBE OUR AIR DISASTERS

A twisted sliver of metal, a shard of flesh—such are the clues Canada's little-known "crash detectives" use in solving the mysteries of some of our most spectacular tragedies

BY BILL STEPHENSON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN BELL

At least once in every recent year, often close to Christmas, the public has been horrified to hear that another Canadian airliner has plunged to earth, carrying its passengers to a searing, unexpected death.

Invariably and justifiably — although five hundred-odd smaller crashes occur each year, and at least twenty-five times as many people die in Canadian auto accidents as in air accidents — there is a tremendous outcry. "How can such things happen in this day of safety devices galore?" thunder local organizations. "Who is to blame?" demands the press.

From all sides comes the concerted, outraged plea, "Why doesn't somebody do something?"

Answers to these questions and the main hope for future safety in our skies (if such hope can exist alongside the ever-present risk of human error) lie with a small, little-known group of men who make up the Accident Investigation Division of the federal Department of Transport. These specialists—six in Ottawa and two in each of Canada's six flying districts—investigate all air accidents in this country and advise on Can-

adian airplane accidents in other lands.

Up until last year, any of the fifty-odd civil-aviation inspectors might be called upon to investigate crashes. But a sudden increase of more than one hundred accidents over the previous year's record high, plus the realization that some inspectors had never seen, let alone flown, some of the new aircraft plying Canada's skies, forced a big change.

"We had to realize," says Charles T. Travers, ex-RAF-RCAF veteran, who was made chief of the new division, "that Canada was no longer in the bush-pilot era."

The new setup teamed together in each district an expert flyer known as an "accident investigator" with an expert on practical maintenance called an "airworthiness inspector." Both now go out on jobs together, and both have access to more detailed scientific aid when necessary.

No physical trait distinguishes Canada's crash detectives from their fellow civil servants. Most are veterans of World War II, and of postwar commercial aviation as well. Most have average, but not spectacular educations. Most are in their **continued on page 43**





A GRIM, GIANT JIGSAW

Government crash investigators piece together the fragments of a DC-4 which crashed in Quebec in 1957, killing all seventy-nine persons aboard. Left: a similar plane in flight.

While James Wilson
Morrice lived
 Canada ignored his art
 though Europe
 hailed him as our first
 great painter.
 Today his major canvases
 bring more
 than \$10,000. Here is the
 colorful story,
 and samples of the art, of



The painter we weren't ready for

BY ROBERT FULFORD

James Wilson Morrice was the first Canadian painter who ever broke into the bitterly competitive art world outside Canada. Early in the twentieth century this robust hard-drinking Montrealer won fame in Paris and London as an Impressionist of fine talent. Today he stands as one of the small group of major artists in Canadian history. Yet his brilliant career violated all the standard ideas about the Important Canadian Painter:

Most Canadian painters, such as the Group of Seven, loved Canada and painted it diligently. Morrice lived most of his life in Europe, painted Canada only occasionally, and came to hate his native city, Montreal.

Most Canadian painters of the past ignored what was happening in foreign art and concentrated on developing a national style, based on the challenging Canadian landscape. Morrice largely ignored Canadian developments and made his way beside the great painters of France.

Most Canadian painters of stature have been celebrated at home and ignored overseas. Morrice was celebrated in France and England but ignored during his lifetime in Canada.

Most Canadian painters have lived much of their lives in abject poverty. Morrice's father, a well-to-do textile merchant, was sympathetic to his career, and made sure he never had to worry about money.

Morrice came from a stern Presbyterian family, but when he went abroad to study art he developed an unquenchable thirst for life. His search for new experiences took him all over the Western world and in the process created an abiding mystery for Canadian art scholars.

Since his lonely death in 1924 on a painting trip to Tunis, a few scholars have tackled the baffling chore of untangling his career. Morrice painted in France, Holland, Italy, North Africa and the West Indies, as well as in Quebec. Sometimes he left paintings behind him, and he rarely dated his work. A wide variety of collectors were attracted to Morrice during his lifetime and his work keeps on turning up in odd places. Two of his paintings are still on display in Leningrad, apparently taken there more than forty years ago. Nine small sketches came to the surface **continued on page 36**

Morrice, at 40 (in his Paris studio, above) was already known as much for his zest for *la vie boheme* as for his brilliantly executed little vignettes in oil, sketched wherever he beheld beauty.

1 In France his brush caught the rustic feeling of this country fair of 1905. Later he enlarged the sketch into one of his best-known works.

2 In Venice he saw two women at a cafe near the Rialto Bridge. He did 500 paintings on wooden panels about the size of these reproductions.

3 In North Africa where he painted with Henri Matisse on trips from 1911 to 1912, Morrice quickly sketched this bright street scene.

4 In Quebec, where he was born but which he came to hate, horse-drawn sleds caught his fancy. His parents sent money to him while he was in Europe.

Paintings courtesy of the Art Gallery of Toronto



1



2



3



4

PHONY PHRASES

Flat as a pancake

Now here is one cliché that seemed to be okay, and Since phrases irrefutable are really most unsuitable As subjects for a daring exposé, I conducted a survey. And fiery females flew at me to say that pancake batter

Popped upon a griddle, either develops a bump, similar

To a camel's hump, or else sags in the middle. "Why Not make a pancake, dear?" asked the ladies with a leer,

"We guarantee you won't know where you're at. For we've

Yet to come across one, to flip, to turn or toss one, That is absolutely flat." So that, apparently, is that.

GEORGINA LUSSE

Sweet & sour



"My elevator shoes are being repaired."

I not only can but I did

"Your three-year-old may shock you with words he couldn't possibly have learned at home. But this is normal; and besides you really can't punish a small child just for—"

"Believe me, folks, that's all it takes—one small tablet each day, right before breakfast. And after only seven days you can't help but—"

"Now, having slipped the interlocking gasket firmly against the bearing arm so that it attaches to the rotor just below the frazzle sprocket (points A, G and L, fig. IV), you then can experience no difficulty in

carefully and gently cocking the—"

"And now that I've shown you just a few of the hundreds of little tasks which the Handy Dandy Combination Potato Peeler, Ice Cube Crusher and Pickle Plucker can perform so swiftly and easily, you simply can't let your wife struggle along in the kitchen another minute without—"

"Well, suppose he IS the young punk who nearly forced you off the road. He's obviously out of gas now, and you can't just drive past without even—"

HAL TENNANT

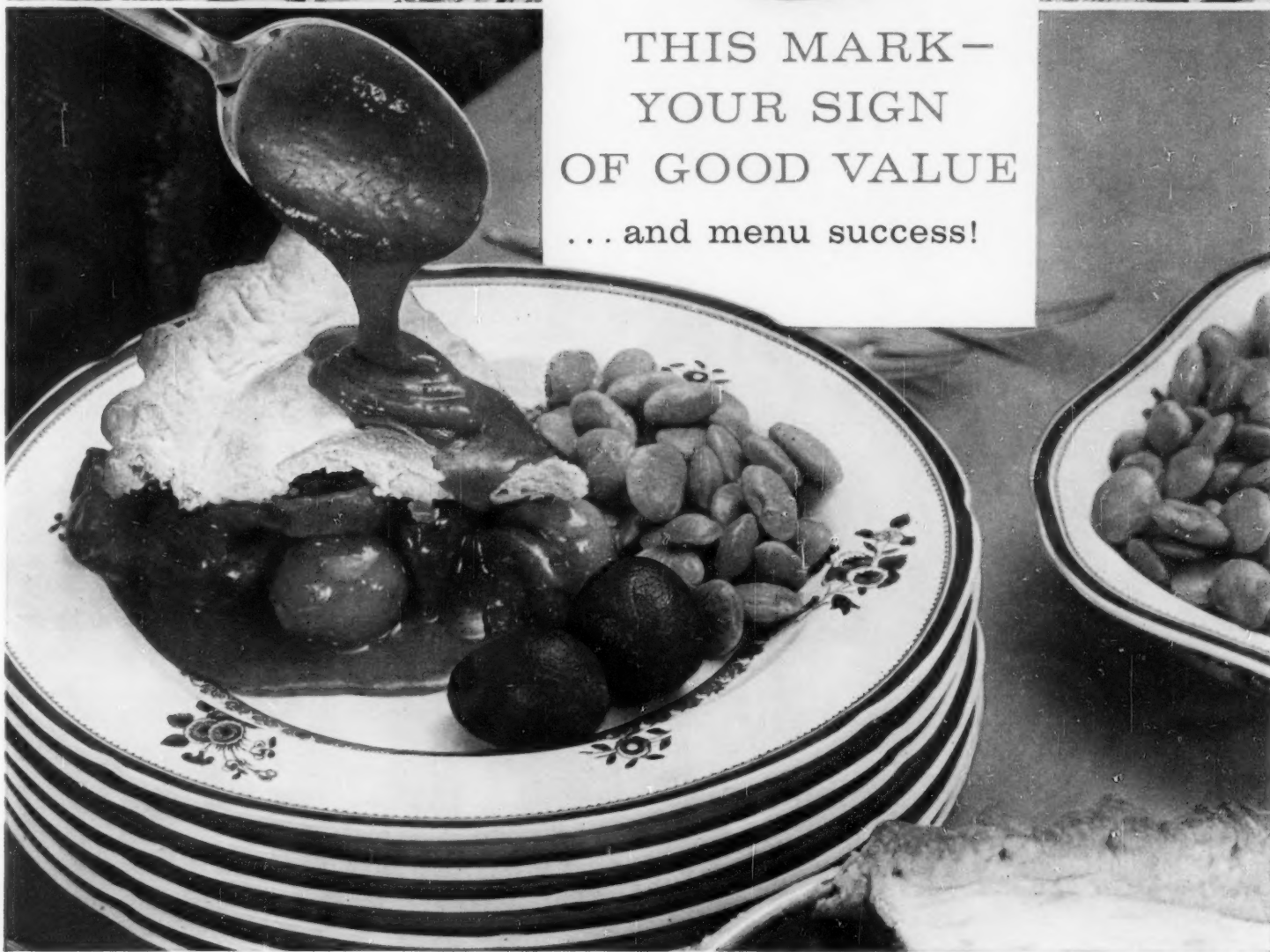
Canadian history revisited BY PETER WHALLEY



HOMESTEADER PLANTING FIRST CROP—EARLY 1800s.



THIS MARK—
YOUR SIGN
OF GOOD VALUE
... and menu success!



Quality Canada Packers' products make a main dish for hearty appetites! Crusty steak-and-kidney pie; with flaky-tender pastry by Domestic Shortening; meats by Maple Leaf.

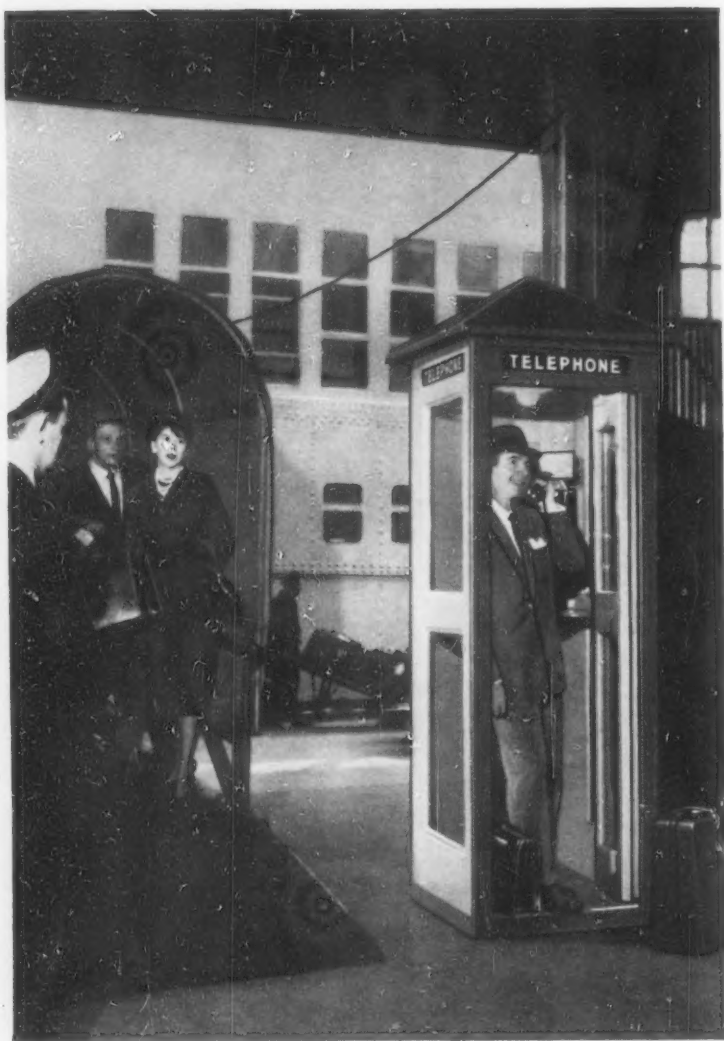
Ask a successful homemaker what makes her steak-and-kidney pie "disappear" so fast—she'll likely speak with pardonable pride of its delicate crust, its juicy pieces of tender meat, its plentiful gravy. She may even give you her recipe—along with these two valuable cooking hints:

For flavour and tenderness—after browning beef and kidney, moisten with one cup beef stock before seasoning and simmering over low heat. The amount of liquid is important at this stage—too much, too early will reduce the flavour of the meat and tenderness of the kidney.

To make sure of plenty of good thick gravy—after simmering for more than an hour or until the meat is tender, thicken gravy by adding flour-and-water paste and increase quantity with beef stock.

Another point many experienced home cooks make is that only the finest ingredients are worth their time and skill. That's why so many of these women depend on our "CP" mark as a buying guide. You see, it stands both for Canada Packers and for our pledge of finest quality in every one of the good things we offer you. We hope you'll test that promise soon—in your kitchen and on your table.





"...1,500 miles to go—
but I feel I'm *home* already!"

...a friendly telephone links Jim with his family in seconds...
nothing's more warm or so personal. Whenever you're away, keep
in touch with an easy, inexpensive, Long Distance call. It's the
next best thing to being there!

It costs less than you think!

Look at these low rates: Jim's call to Mrs. Jim was from Mont-
real to Calgary, his first three minutes cost only \$2.80, each
additional minute 90¢. These rates apply from 6 p.m. to
4.30 a.m. station to station daily and all day Sunday. Why
not make that call today?

Call by number—it's twice as fast.

TRANS-CANADA



TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Canada's 8 major telephone companies, united to send
your voice anywhere, any time.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

THE MATING GAME: Debbie Reynolds as a Maryland farmer's frolicsome daughter and Tony Randall as a stern young federal tax-sleuth are co-starred in this noisy but good-humored comedy. It's an Americanized version of H. E. Bates' English novel, *The Darling Buds of May*. The tax man is soon softened up by the boisterous informality of the family he is investigating, but his shark-mouthed boss (Fred Clark) turns out to be much tougher. With Paul Douglas, Una Merkel, Philip Coolidge.



THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE: A brusque freighter skipper (John Gregson) is given temporary command of a luxury liner and quickly learns that passengers are the most troublesome kind of cargo. A British comedy, this one begins promisingly and has some robust laughs scattered throughout but its style becomes strained amidst.

COMPULSION: Somewhat detached in its handling of emotional tensions, this smooth screen treatment of Meyer Levin's book nonetheless generates its own sort of cobra-like hypnosis while quietly restaging the 1924 Chicago murder of little Bobby Franks by the thrill-thirsty teen-agers, Leopold and Loeb. The killers are well played by Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell, with Orson Welles in an overfleshed but powerful portrayal of Clarence Darrow, their lawyer. All the names are changed but the story is factual.

FLOODS OF FEAR: Hollywood's Howard Keel appears in this British melodrama as a convicted murderer who escapes during a flood and sets out to punish the real killer, who "framed" him. The plot is hackneyed and much of the dialogue is corny but the film at least does what it tries to do—imitate the standard American crime-and-violence thriller. With Anne Heywood, Cyril Cusack.

HOUSE ON HAUNTED HILL: An illuminated plastic skeleton known as "Emergo" comes prancing out over the customers' heads as the newest of Hollywood's mechanical gimmicks. The device, however, is more ludicrous than exciting. As a haunted-house yarn, the film rates "fair," but no higher. With Vincent Price, Carol Ohmart.

THE SPY ON WILHELMSTRASSE: A brisk, sober-sided espionage drama starring Jack Hawkins as a lifetime British secret agent who becomes one of Hitler's most trusted generals before the Gestapo begins to shadow him. Rating: good.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

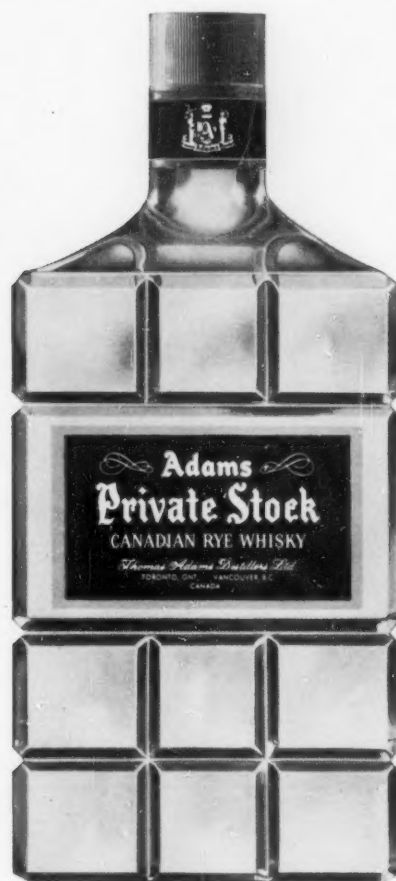
Al Capone: Real-life crime drama. Good.
Anna Lucasta: Drama. Fair.
Auntie Mame: Comedy. Good.
Bachelor of Hearts: Comedy. Fair.
Bell, Book and Candle: Comedy. Fair.
The Big Country: Western. Excellent.
The Buccaneer: Historical drama. Fair.
The Defiant Ones: Drama. Tops.
The Doctor's Dilemma: Edwardian satire by GBS. Fair.
The Fearmakers: Drama. Good.
Gideon of Scotland Yard: Detective comedy-drama. Poor.
Gigi: Musical. Excellent.
Good Day for a Hanging: Western. Fair.
The Hanging Tree: Western. Fair.
He Who Must Die: French drama. Good.
The Horse's Mouth: Comedy. Good.
Ice Cold in Alex: British drama of war in desert. Good.
Imitation of Life: Drama. Good.
Intent to Kill: Suspense. Good.
It Happened in Rome: Anglo-Italian romantic comedy. Fair.
I Want to Live! Death-cell drama. Good.
I Was Monty's Double: True-life hoax thriller. Good.

The Journey: Cold War drama. Good.
Lonelyhearts: Newspaper drama. Fair.
Madame Butterfly: Filmed opera. Good.
Me and the Colonel: Comedy. Good.
Night of the Quarter Moon: Race-bias drama. Fair.
A Night to Remember: True shipwreck drama. Excellent (upgraded from "good" after second viewing).
9 Lives: True action drama. Good.
Orders to Kill: Drama. Excellent.
Party Girl: Gang drama. Good.
The Perfect Furlough: Comedy. Good.
A Question of Adultery: Drama. Poor.
The Restless Years: Drama. Fair.
Rockets Galore: British comedy. Good.
Separate Tables: Drama. Good.
The Sheriff of Fractured Jaw: Wild West comedy. Fair.
The Square Peg: Spy comedy. Fair.
Stranger in My Arms: Drama. Fair.
Tempest: Historical drama. Good.
These Thousand Hills: Western. Good.
The Trap: Suspense drama. Fair.
The Vicious Circle: Scotland Yard crime mystery. Fair.
Virgin Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.

29 GREAT WHISKIES IN ONE BRAND...

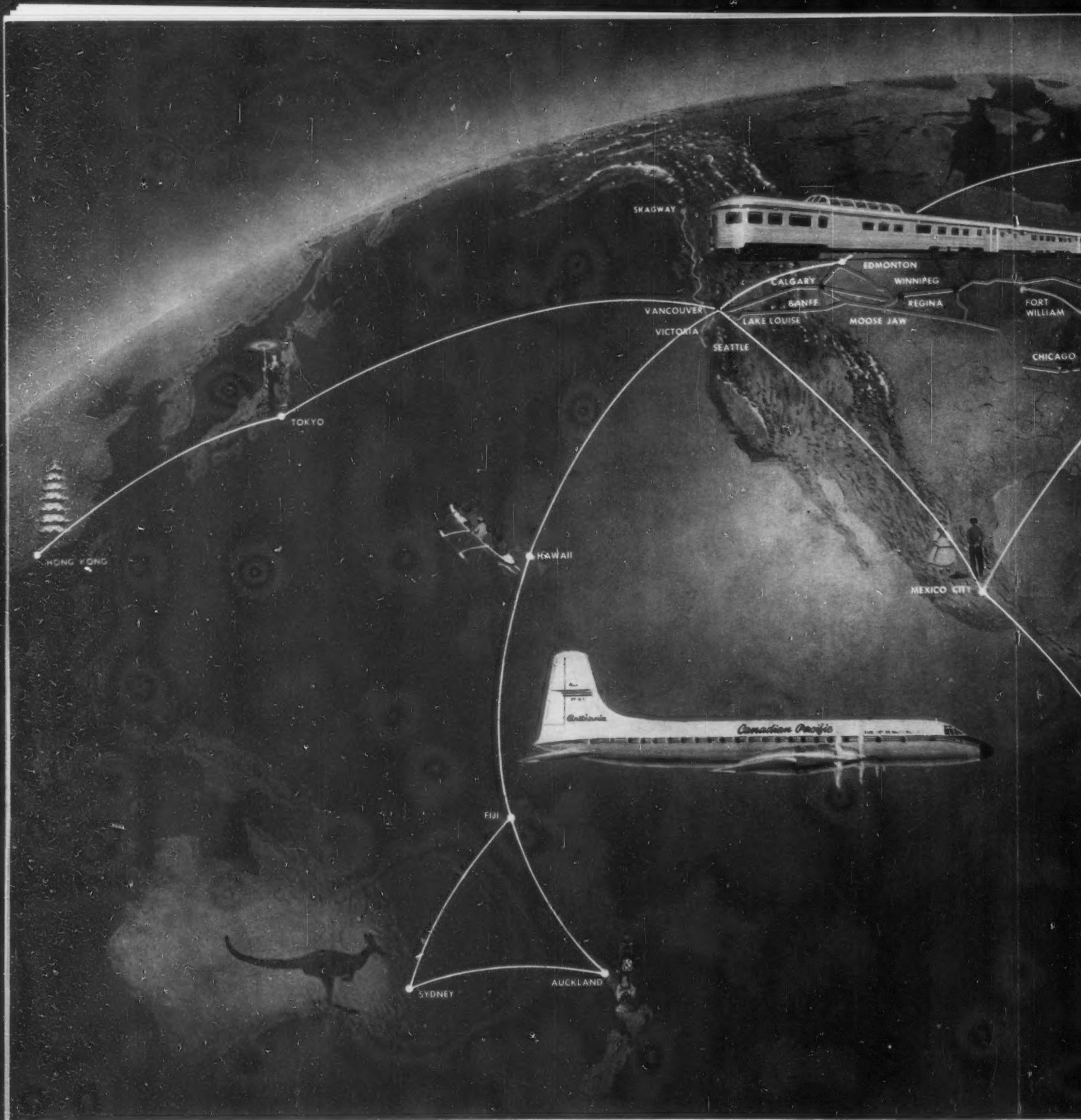


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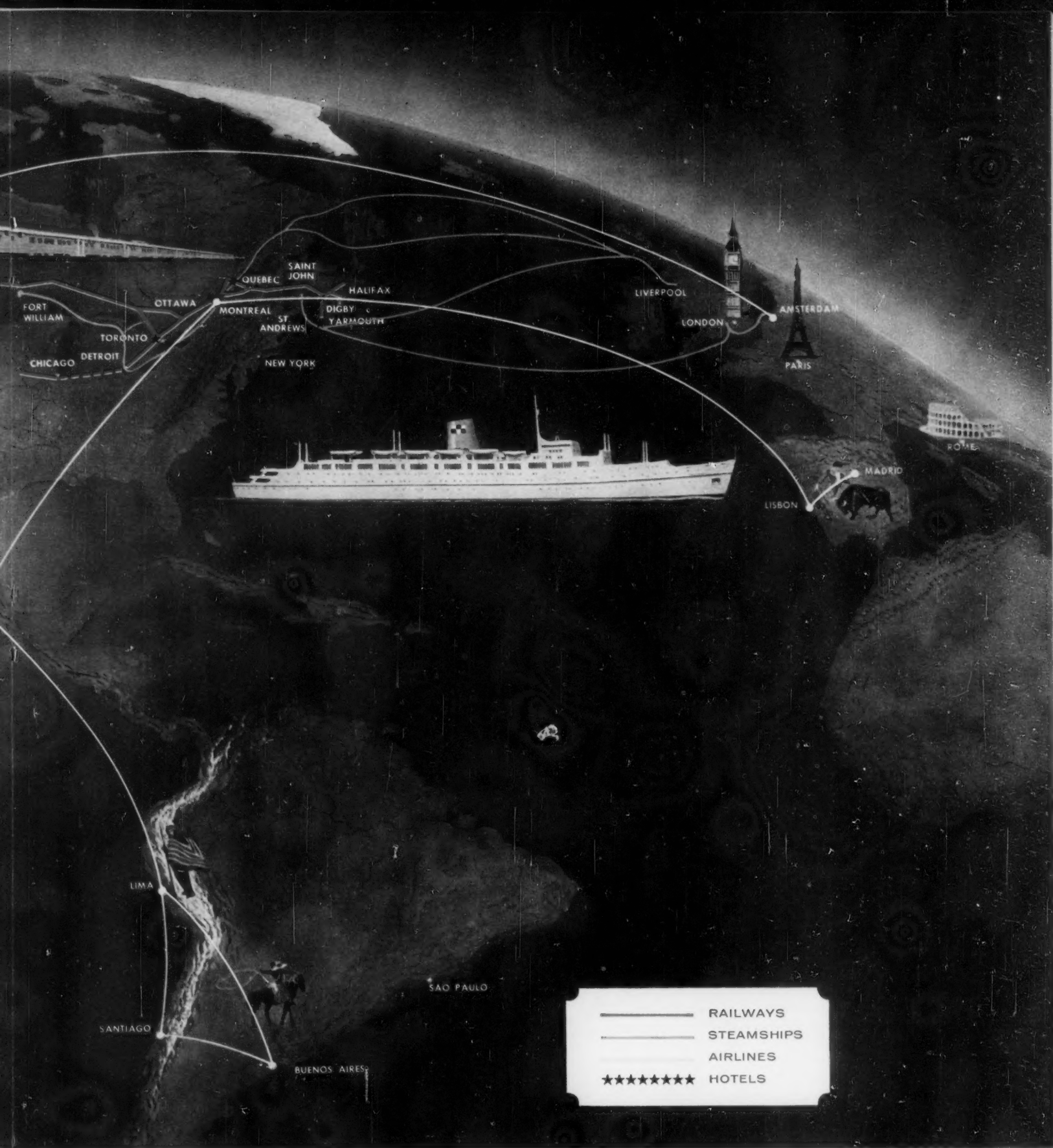
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The painter we weren't ready for

Continued from page 28

"He loved music, gay talk, women, cafés, the boulevards — everything that Paris stood for"

three years ago in Yugoslavia and are now in the Art Gallery of Toronto.

Many Morrice paintings have yet to be found. In Paris, during his lifetime, a photographer took pictures of seven Morrice paintings with subjects as varied as Venice, the Quebec landscape, and the bookstalls on the Seine. Any one of them would be a major Morrice canvas. Art dealers and the National Gallery have been hoping to find them for twenty years, but so far have had no success. One Canadian art dealer has private galleries all over Europe alerted to buy Morrices immediately, at prices up to ten thousand dollars if they happen to turn up.

But more than enough work survives to prove that Morrice was one of the best painters in Canadian history. To Donald Buchanan, associate director of the National Gallery and the foremost authority on Morrice, he was "the first Canadian painter to plunge into the clear stream of the living art of our day." Buchanan wrote in 1947 that, "Despite the accepted power of some who have followed, he remains to date our finest and most sensitive landscape artist."

Morrice's personal life is even harder to follow than his art. He left no journals and few personal letters, and only a few close friends knew him for long periods. His personality has to be sought out in the writings of those who knew him for a few years—most notably the English novelists Arnold Bennett and Somerset Maugham and the art critic Clive Bell. They all knew him in Paris in the first few years of the century, when Morrice was in his late thirties and was coming to maturity as a painter. They met him at the Chat Blanc, a Montparnasse café he frequented. Bennett wrote in his journal on April 29, 1905:

Morrice came and dined with me last night . . . I found him a most distinguished person, full of right and beautiful ideas about nearly everything. He said a number of brief things that were like knocking holes into the receptacle of his philosophy and giving glimpses of the treasure within.

Bennett was a newcomer to Paris then, while Morrice had been there, off and on, since he left Montreal in 1890. Bell, who later became the most influential English art critic of his time, was twenty-two when he first met Morrice. In 1956 he described Morrice at length in a book of memoirs called *Old Friends*:

The Canadian, J. W. Morrice, an excellent painter whose work, though fairly well known, is in my opinion still insufficiently admired . . . From Morrice I learnt to enjoy Paris . . . I remember saying that I thought Morrice the most remarkable of our companions at the Chat Blanc.

Somerset Maugham was more mature when he knew Morrice, but he was impressed too. As he admitted thirty years later, he used Morrice under the pseu-

donym "Warren," in *The Magician*, an early novel. One of Maugham's characters says about Warren:

He's the most delightful interpreter of Paris I know, and when you've seen his sketches—he's done hundreds of unimaginable grace and feeling and distinction—you can never see Paris in the same way again.

Maugham was referring to the little oil sketches, about four inches by six inches, that Morrice executed by the score, often on wood taken from old cigar boxes. They can still be seen in most Canadian art galleries and in dozens of private collections; Arnold Bennett had one in his study for years.

Maugham also used his memories of Morrice in the character of Cronshaw in his much more famous novel, *Of Human Bondage*. And Bennett, though he would not admit it, probably used him for the character of Priam Farll in his 1908 humorous novel, *Buried Alive*. Priam Farll is a painter of Morrice's type who takes his butler's name and job to get away from the world and live with the woman of his choice.

Beauty was like wine

What attracted these writers and many other people to Morrice was his sensuous romantic love of life in all its forms. Every attitude that he struck in Paris was the precise opposite of what might have been expected of a man brought up in a strict Scottish Presbyterian home in Canada and educated in nineteenth-century Toronto. He loved music, gay talk, women, cafés, the boulevards — everything that the Paris of his time is supposed to stand for.

"Morrice," Clive Bell wrote, "was one of those fortunate people who enjoy beauty as they enjoy wine; both were for him necessities and he was not too difficult about the vintage. Beauty he found everywhere; in streets and cafés and *zines* (bars), in shop windows and railway stations, in the circus and on penny steamers."

Morrice's favorite word was "gusto"; he applied it to the way good painters painted, the way good musicians played, the way good poets wrote. He expressed it himself in his work, in his love of Paris and all its ways, and in his own music; he played the flute all his life, and even managed, according to some of his friends, to play Bach well.

"I got up this morning," he once said to Bennett, "and I saw an old woman walking along, and she was the finest old woman I ever did see. She was a magnificent old woman, and I was obliged to make a sketch of her. Then there was the *marchand des quatre saisons* (the street peddler). His cry is so beautiful. I began to enjoy myself immediately I got out of bed. It is a privilege to be alive."

For Bennett, Morris summed up his attitude to life: "I enjoy everything," he said.

Continued on page 40

Enjoy
the
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TASTE**
in beer!



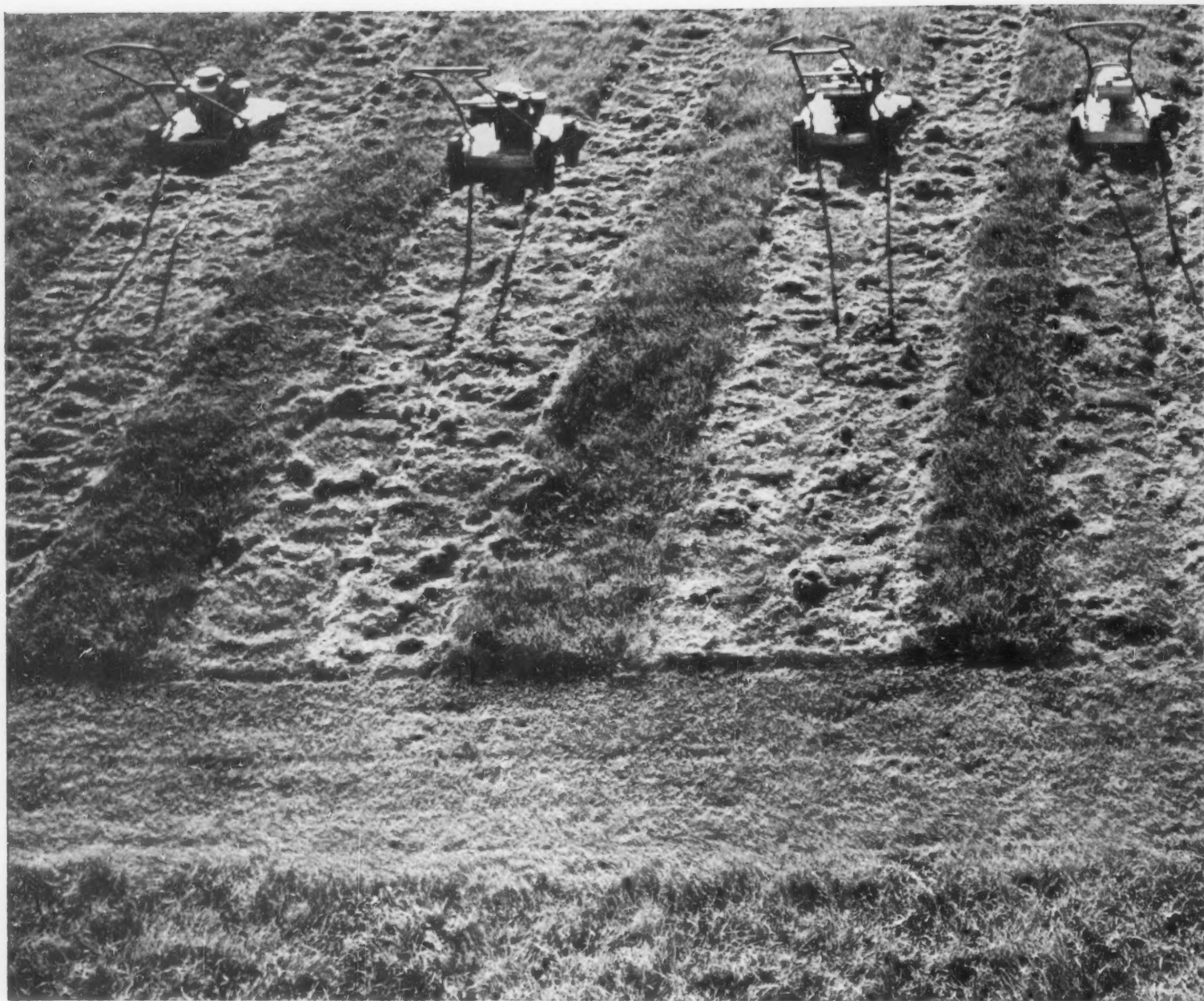
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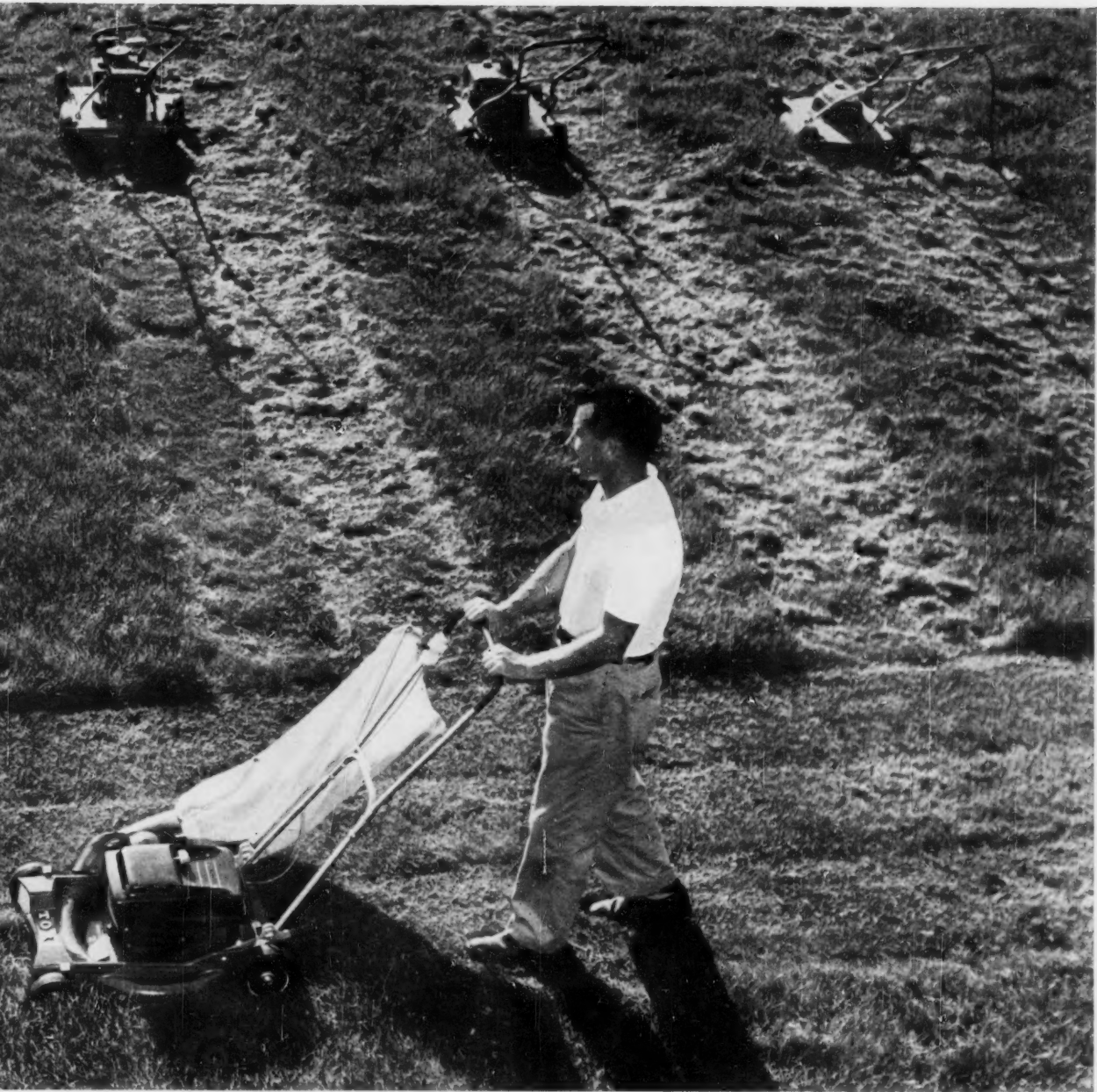
indentations, corners or obstructions to catch clippings, build up clumps.

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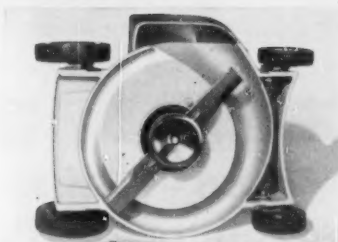
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The fact that his enjoyment of almost everything was supported by prodigious amounts of alcohol was never held against him by the friends who enjoyed the spectacle of Morrice enjoying himself. John Lyman, the Montreal painter, knew Morrice for twenty years in France (he wrote a short book about him in 1945) and still recalls with amazement Morrice's excesses: "He was usually glassy-eyed from alcohol about noon—he wasn't himself until he was tanked up, really."

The great French painter Henri Ma-

tisse, a close friend of Morrice for several years, accompanied him to Tangiers on painting trips in 1911 and 1912. He recalled Morrice's drinking habits in a letter in 1925: "He had, everyone knows, an unfortunate passion for whisky. Despite that, we were, outside of our hours of work, always together. I used to go with him to a café where I drank, as many glasses of mineral water as he took glasses of alcohol."

Morrice acquaintances have often told stories about his behavior under the influence of alcohol. Sir Gerald Kelly, the

fashionable London portrait painter and former president of the Royal Academy, has told about one summer morning in Paris when Morrice, himself and some friends were returning from a night on the town. Morrice somehow fell into the gutter, which, because the streets were being washed, was a bubbling stream of water. Morrice disdained to rise immediately but instead, grasping the moment to record a visual impression, stared up at the grey sky and murmured descriptively, "Pearly, pearly."

Morrice's friends were equally struck,

all through his life, by what seemed to be a permanent condition of transience. Though Morrice turned his back on Montreal and adopted Paris as the capital of his world, he never seemed to have actually settled there. His room was always full of trunks that seemed prepared for a journey at any moment. Most of his trips were hastily planned. Matisse recalled, "He was always over hill and dale, a little like a migrating bird but without any very fixed landing place."

In a moment of self-revelation Morrice once said to the British painter Matthew Smith, "The only kind of woman suitable for an artist is one he can put on the mantel and forget about any time he wants to." Morrice apparently found such a woman in Lea Cadoret, a short, pretty, brown-haired girl, whom he met when he was thirty-three. She came to his studio on the Quai des Grands Augustins one day in 1898 in answer to his advertisement for a model. She was eighteen and a lovely model (several of Morrice's studies of her survive) but she posed for him professionally only a few times, for by then he had fallen in love with her. Until his death, twenty-six years later, she was his mistress.

He established her in an apartment in Paris and in later years bought her a house in Cagnes, on the Riviera. But he never lived with her. He apparently saw her when he chose to, and when he went away she rarely accompanied him; she often didn't know of his trips until he had gone. Some of his friends never heard her name until Morrice was dead, but a few knew her. Clive Bell remembers, "He enjoyed his round merry mistress, Lea, but he kept her in her place, that is, on the fringe of his life." At seventy-eight, Lea Cadoret still lives in Paris and Nice and is still in touch with David and Eleanor Morrice, of Montreal, the painter's nephew and niece. She has sold the Morrice family some paintings that Morrice gave her, but she now refuses to see art dealers who approach her with hopes of buying the few Mor-

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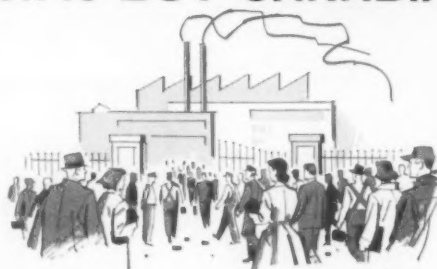
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MACLEAN'S

rice sketches she still probably owns.

Through all the years in Paris and elsewhere Morrice was painting as few Canadians have ever been able to paint. He began to draw as a child in Montreal, where he was born on August 10, 1865. He was the son of David Morrice, whose business, D. Morrice Co. Ltd., was one of Canada's leading textile firms.

The painter's upbringing, which emphasized strict Sundays, diligent Bible study and a highly respectable Montreal private school, was anything but unusual. If he showed any real artistic talent early in life, no one noticed. It was expected that he, like his five brothers, would be a businessman. He was sent to the University of Toronto.

Morrice had an undistinguished university career, but while there he managed to find enough painting time to develop a reasonable proficiency. He attended Osgoode Hall law school in Toronto, and while there had one painting rejected by the Ontario Society of Artists and one accepted by the Royal Canadian Academy. In 1889 he showed two pictures in the spring show of the Montreal Art Association. By 1890 he had his law degree, but it was of no use to him; he had decided that he could, and would, be a painter.

David Morrice supported the Montreal Art Association and he was interested in artistic affairs. But he might normally have hesitated before giving support to his son's unorthodox decision. Young Jim, however, had on his side no less an authority on business and art than Sir William Van Horne. Sir William, one of the builders of the CPR, was by any standards the greatest art collector Canada ever had. Sir William bought El Greco long before El Greco's revival, and he purchased Impressionists when few collectors in North America were paying any attention to them.

Sir William had happened earlier to see a Morrice sketch, thought he saw talent, and bought it—for ten dollars—to encourage the young man. When David Morrice was pondering his son's request to be allowed to study art in Europe, Sir William offered his view. Jim, he said, would never be happy in the law. He had talent, and he should be allowed to go. Soon Morrice was on his way to Europe.

He studied little. He enrolled at an art school called the Académie Julian, where he was apparently regarded as a rather preposterous figure: he was quite short and prematurely bald, and at that point he spoke little French. He felt that the atmosphere was unfriendly. He had been there only a short time when another student smashed a long French loaf of bread over his head. Morrice promptly quit.

He took as his master a traditional landscape painter, Henri Harpignies, who criticized Morrice's work for a fee. Their relationship lasted only for a few months, but it was the only real tuition Morrice ever had. He valued Harpignies' views, and the master's style influenced him. But, sooner than most painters, he began to find his own way. He became closely attached to the modern French tradition and began to handle his brush with great fluency, forsaking detail for broad effects. He spent most of his time on landscapes and realized early that this would be his strongest field.

Morrice developed a liking for the small-scale, quickly effective oil sketch, and made this form his own. Late in each day, wherever he was, he would try to find an outdoor café table and a glass of absinthe. He would pull his small cigar box full of brushes and paints from his pocket and sketch the scene before him

in oils. The sketches have a marvelously spontaneous look, yet still seem finished works of art. About five hundred of them are now believed to exist in art galleries and private collections.

His sketches now bring several hundred dollars each, but in Morrice's lifetime he kept most of them long after he had painted them. In his studio he would carefully select one and then make from it a major painting, such as his Landscape, Trinidad, now in the Art Gallery of Toronto, or his The Ferry, Quebec, in the National Gallery. He might select for

working-up a sketch he had done two or three years before on another continent.

In the first few years of this century Morrice slowly evolved his own style of painting, and in 1905 a Paris art critic could say, "His vision has become personal." In spite of the gaiety he exhibited publicly, the vision was often a melancholy one. His friend and contemporary, Maurice Cullen, with whom Morrice often painted on visits to Quebec, said of Morrice's art, "It looks as if it were painted from the recollection of a dream." Nothing in his paintings is ever

dogmatically stated — there is always room for a variety of interpretations, depending on the viewer and his mood.

The size of his reputation can be seen in the statement in 1907 of Louis Vauxcelles, a Paris art critic who took a deep interest in Morrice's work. Vauxcelles said then that since the death of Whistler, four years before, no other North American in Paris had obtained the recognition that had been given Morrice.

By 1913 Morrice's reputation had spread to England. A critic in *The Studio*, Britain's leading art magazine, wrote, "In



A native Canadian design painted by Arthur Price for the pulp and paper industry. In an art form known as scrimshaw, a nineteenth century whaler has carved his memories on a horn cup.

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Mr. James Wilson Morrice, the Canadian painter whose work is familiar to visitors to the Salons of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, the Salon d'Automne, and the exhibitions of the International Society, we find the union of artistic temperament and technical dexterity balanced to perfection . . . His smallest sketch is as definite and satisfying as any of his larger canvases." The critic also made some comparisons that must have pleased Morrice: "Those gems of color to be found in his myriad pocket sketches in oils are as vivid and fluid as Turner's

watercolors, as radiant with mobile light as the best of Claude Monet's impressionism."

Success in Europe gave Morrice immense confidence, and made him resent all the more the cool treatment his work was given in Montreal. Morrice was caught between two fashions in Canadian taste—the love for tame Dutch and English landscapes of the nineteenth century, and the slowly emerging appreciation of vigorous Canadian landscape art. He fitted into neither category. When he did occasionally sell in Montreal, however,

he demanded top prices—five hundred to eight hundred dollars—and would never haggle. Once a well-to-do Montrealer tried to bargain with an art dealer to lower the price on some Morrices. The dealer consulted Morrice. "Give the gentleman my compliments," he said, "and tell him to go to hell."

After his parents' death in 1914, Morrice lost interest in Montreal. He returned only a few times, and then just to stop briefly on his way to the West Indies. During the First World War he spent most of his time in Paris. In 1918 he

served briefly as a Canadian war artist. He made sketches of soldiers and aircraft and executed one mural-size painting—almost nine feet by seven feet—of Canadian soldiers trudging the mud of Picardy in northern France. He was not overly pleased with it, but it was accepted and now is in the government's collection of war art in Ottawa.

After the war Cuba, Jamaica and Trinidad replaced Europe and Africa as his favorite painting sites. "A painter should go south," he once told a friend. "It cleans your palette for you." His work changed in these years. He achieved a lushness and a direct abstracted design that made his last six years perhaps his most interesting period. One of his paintings from this period, *House in Santiago, Cuba*, was presented in 1924 to the Tate Gallery in London by the Contemporary Art Society of Britain. It still hangs in the Tate, in a basement hallway.

In 1923 Morrice, at fifty-eight, was a sick man, grown lean and haggard. In the previous year, at Montreux in Switzerland, he had undergone emergency surgery for intestinal ulcers, after he collapsed one day in a hotel room. After he recovered he returned to Paris but got out so little that a rumor of his death was widely believed. Late in 1923 he saw Lea Cadoret briefly in Cagnes and set off for Tunis. His stomach began to give him trouble on the ship. He became violently ill and had to be carried from the ship to a hospital in Tunis. In the hospital he died, on Jan. 23, 1924. He was buried in Tunis.

A retrospective exhibition of his work was held in Paris shortly before his death, and after he died two more were held. It was a good many years before he received this kind of attention in Canada. The National Gallery had bought a Morrice painting in 1909, the Montreal Art Association had bought two in 1915, and after his death the Montreal group gave him a memorial exhibition. But it was not until the season of 1937-1938 that Morrice was given a full-scale memorial exhibition by the National Gallery. The exhibition visited Montreal and Toronto as well as Ottawa. For the first time Canadians got a comprehensive view of the work of their first modern painter.

By then the prices of Morrice's work, which were almost always in the hundreds during his lifetime, were rising into the thousands. In 1935 \$1,200 was a common price and at least one work brought \$1,900. In 1936 the price of one major canvas was \$2,250. Today, according to Max Stern, a Montreal art dealer who has sold more than thirty Morrices in his Dominion Galleries, a major Morrice probably would bring \$10,000 or more, if it were available. To Stern's deep regret, major Morrices very rarely appear on the market. Most of the Morrice trade today is in small wood panels.

In the art world of Canada, and especially in Montreal, Morrice is now a success. Even if his name is not so common as Tom Thomson's or Emily Carr's, he is still superbly represented in the National Gallery and in the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts.

But Morrice died embittered by the lack of honor at home. Just before he left for Tunis in 1924, he dropped in at the home in Cagnes of John Lyman, the Montreal artist. Lyman was away but his wife talked to Morrice for most of the afternoon. He expressed bitterness toward Montreal and Canada several times.

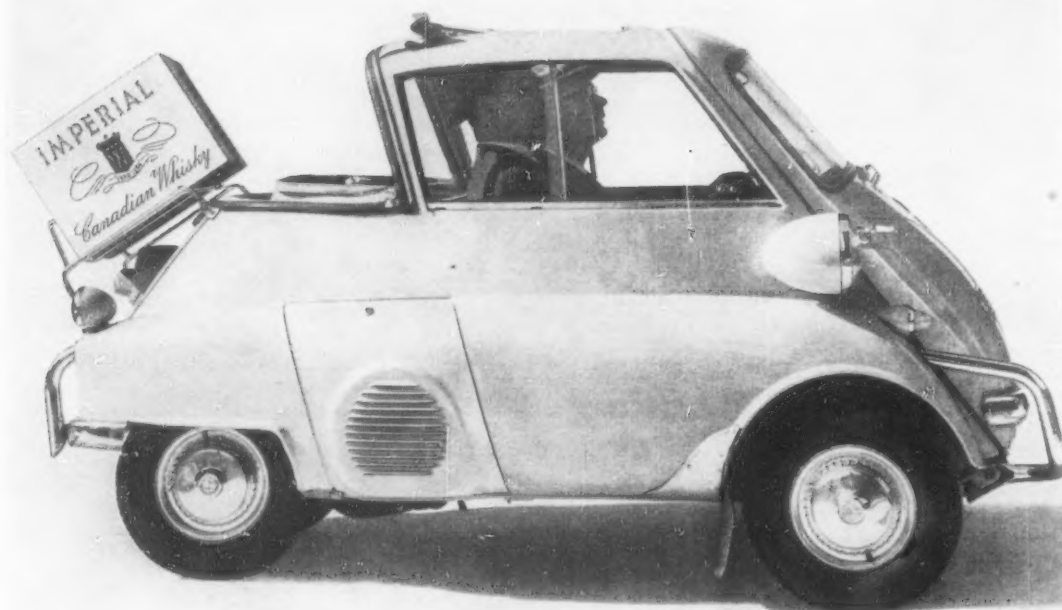
"Tell John not to bother with Montreal ever," he said at one point.

"Do you expect you'll ever go back again?" Mrs. Lyman asked him.

J. W. Morrice scowled. "Not if I can help it," he replied. ★

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"The inspectors are likely to have as much trouble just getting to a crash as they have solving it"

late thirties or early forties, and in fair physical condition. They have to be. Unlike their counterparts in more settled lands like Britain or the U.S.A., they are likely to have as much trouble just getting to a crash as solving it. All could probably survive under the bleakest of conditions. Most have done so on occasion.

What does distinguish Canadian crash inspectors, however, is their life-long love affair with flying. The faults, virtues and tiniest peccadilloes of different planes are as well known to them as those of their wives or sweethearts. Thus when a plane falls or suffers a havoc-wreaking lapse from ordinary behavior, personal experience usually tells the crash inspector a great deal more about what motivated the lapse than any search of the remains by the most observant scientist.

It is on this special, experience-bred intuition—now doubly reinforced—that Canada relies for the solution to its most baffling air crashes.

The DOT investigators, like their opposite numbers in other countries, have an International Civil Aviation Organization manual which tells them how to proceed in any investigation. Essentially it is a step-by-step method of correlating facts, leading to a conclusion and possible recommendations to prevent such an accident from happening again—the real purpose behind all crash inspectors' work.

Slide-rule solution

But few crash inspectors use the ICAO manual as more than a memory-jogger. Each inspector has his own approach.

All of them are familiar with the common maxims such as "If you stall on take-off, don't turn back" or its cynical converse, "He was a good man, but he tried to stretch a glide." There are air-age adages to fit every situation. Not surprisingly, it is disdain of them which accounts for many a crash. Robert Saunders, Chairman of Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, was the only man who died aboard the six-ton Mallard which crashed near London, Ont., on Jan. 15, 1955. He probably lost his life because he didn't have his safety belt fastened.

Crash detectives have to guard against jumping to conclusions, however. In the case of an Avro York cargo crash at Edmonton during take-off in May, 1955, Inspector Bob Keetley at first took it for granted that the plane was overloaded. From the manifest, however, he found it was underloaded for normal conditions. Then he remembered that "normal" specifications were for loads at sea level, and Edmonton is about 2,200 feet above sea level. He wound up not with a hunch but with a slide rule and the formula for lift, $K \cdot SV^2$, from which he deduced that for the day, altitude, temperature, wind and other factors, the Edmonton runway would have to have been fourteen hundred feet longer to enable the York to clear a fifty-foot obstacle at its end.

Inspector Tony Burtleton first thought he had hit another case just like it when he arrived at Fox Basin, N.W.T., nine months later to investigate the take-off crash of a Bristol freighter in which

the crew of three had died. He discovered, after many false clues, that a heavy dump truck carried as freight had been secured at only five of the specified fourteen points. The load had shifted suddenly (as Inspector Burtleton

noted in his summary report) "causing the centre of gravity to move considerably aft of the maximum permissible aft limit."

If an inspector feels a case is beyond him scientifically, he does not hesitate

to cry for help. Tony Burtleton found himself baffled by a helicopter whose rotor blade flew apart during a flight over Ottawa in January, 1958, hurling three of his DOT colleagues to their deaths. The forest-products laboratory



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of the Bureau of Mines came to his aid. Someone, they said, had pulled a "murfism," i.e., a blunder which requires a real genius at blundering to pull. During the manufacture of the plywood for the rotor blade, this unknown blunderer had heat-pressed the wooden laminates without removing the cellophane sheets which are placed between them during storage to prevent them from sticking together.

On twenty or so crashes each year—far fewer than formerly—inspectors leave the investigation to a closed board of inquiry, usually made up of two or three DOT inspectors from other branches. These are cases where some unusual cause is suspected, or where widespread public interest has been aroused.

In only three instances to date has the verdict been left up to public boards of inquiry. The last and greatest of these was the celebrated Montreal courtroom inquiry into Canada's worst air disaster—the crash of a Maritime Central Airways DC-4 with 79 people aboard in a swamp four miles west of Issoudun, Que., in the early afternoon of Sunday, Aug. 11, 1957.

Forty-year-old Paul Fournier of Montreal was in charge of the ground investigation at Issoudun. Fournier, an ex-pilot with the Fleet Air Arm, had taken part in some of the Montreal district's most memorable cases.

Although the crash of the airliner had taken place near Issoudun in the early afternoon, Fournier did not reach the scene until one o'clock the following morning. A para-rescue squad from the RCAF base at Trenton had been there since 7.30 p.m. so he knew there were no survivors. There was no real need for haste, probably, but he had almost run through the last mile of dense undergrowth, because seconds had often meant the difference between missing or catching the odor of gasoline, alcohol or other liquids before they evaporated.

When he stood beside the fifteen-foot-deep crater already nearly full of water, he realized ordinary precautions were not of much use here. The outlines of all four motors were clearly visible, the shattered fuselage almost perfectly aligned between them. All that he could see by flashing his torch around the whole area were thousands of small fragments which gleamed in the dark.

This first glance told him much. All parts seemed to be here, so a wing or tail had not broken off in mid-air. No trees around the spot were broken, so the pilot was not gliding in looking for a soft spot to light. And the plane had hit the ground almost squarely. So the plane had been intact till it hit almost vertically with terrific force. It had been out of control, but not in a spin.

The Quebec Provincial Police were there already. Ordinarily this would have made things much easier, for only police are empowered to move bodies. (DOT inspectors may move them only to extract mail.) In this case, however, there were no bodies to move.

"The biggest piece I've found so far," one of the provincials told him with quavering voice, "is this bit here." He held up a shard of flesh about the size of a cigar.

"The souvenir hunters have been at it again," Fournier heard someone else say in the dark. He wondered what the ghouls had made off with this time; big chunks of fuselage whose locations were as important as their physical condition *per se*? Or smaller, more valuable keepsakes like rings, purses, or watches? Both, he was to learn later, and some of them were never recovered.

After a general survey of the site, and assurance that the RCMP would be on 24-hour duty, Fournier decided he might as well wait for daylight and special equipment before beginning his investigation.

Fournier had known local policemen in his district to desert a wreck as soon as their eight-hour shift was up. The RCMP, he knew, would stick to the end.

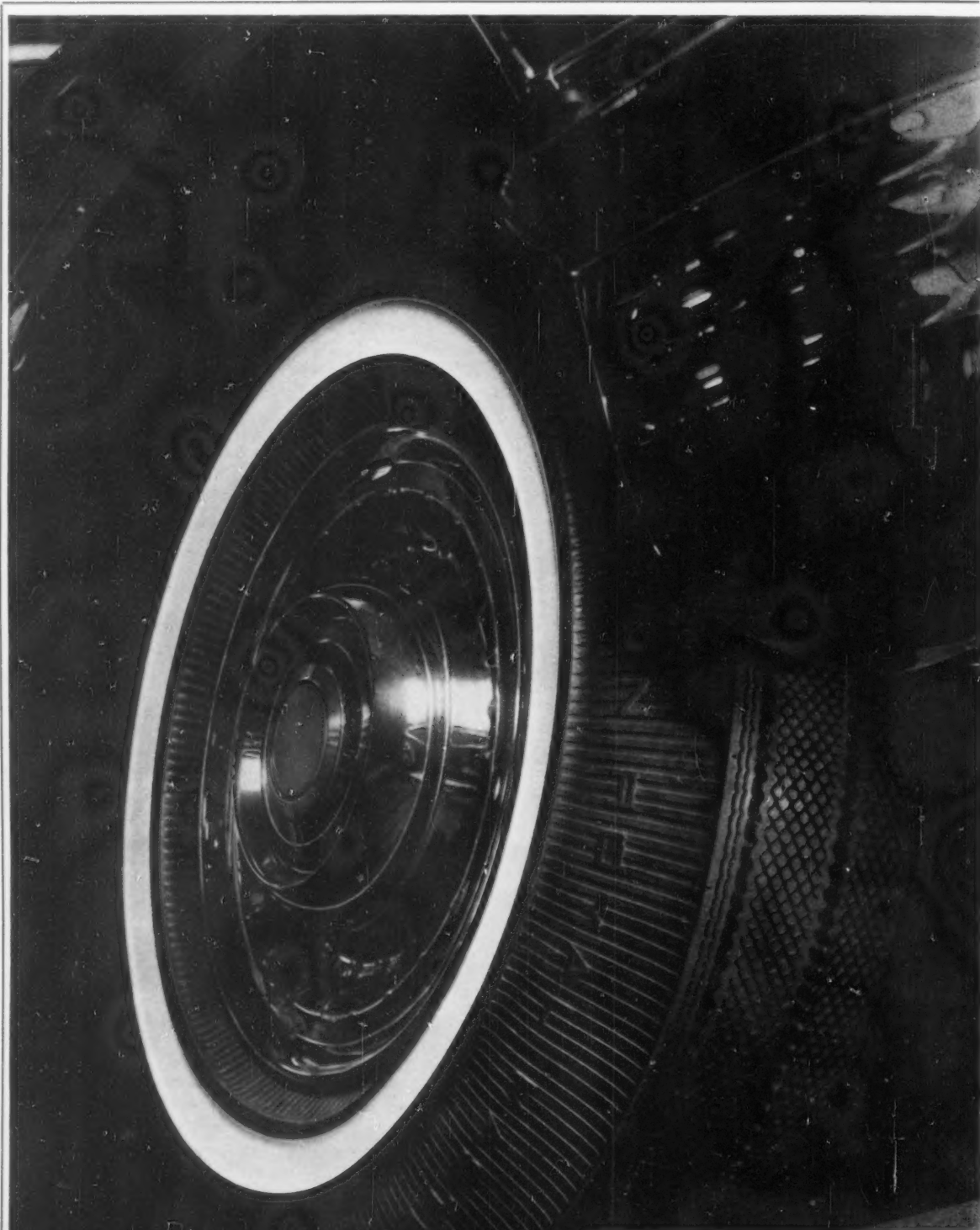
In the following days when it became apparent that a full-scale investigation would take place, Inspector Fournier made plans to move all fragments of the

ill-starred craft to an unused hangar at Quebec airport. Here a full-scale plan of the plane was drawn on the floor, and pieces were fitted in and tagged as they arrived. An estimated 85 percent of the original plane was eventually recovered and fitted into this mammoth jigsaw puzzle.

In the investigation itself, which was delayed by a severe auto-crash injury to Inspector Fournier on his way to work, many phases proceeded simultaneously. The performance of many similar planes was investigated, as well as the detailed

history of CF-MCF from the day in 1944 when it rolled off the Douglas Aircraft Company's line in Santa Monica to its last overhaul in London, England, three days before the flight.

The histories of the crew were combined. Only one of the three qualified pilots aboard, Captain Thomas N. D. Ramsay, 37, had been pilot in a previous crash, the miraculously non-fatal accident to a TCA Super Constellation at Brampton, Ontario, on the night of December 17, 1954. Following DOT's temporary suspension of Ramsay's license after this



THE LOW
PROFILE

crash, he and TCA had parted company.

A most intensive search for some eyewitness to the crash turned up not a soul, so the shattered plane itself had to provide most of the clues. Burns on several fragments at first led Fournier to believe that perhaps the airliner had caught fire in mid-air. Put then he noticed on the reconstructed plane on the hangar floor that pieces next to burned pieces were often unburned. "So it blazed up *after* it hit the ground and shattered," Fournier deduced.

A thunderstorm in the area at the

time had been so severe as to force farmers and visitors on the ground to stay indoors. Had lightning perhaps hit the plane? No case had ever been proved of lightning downing a large craft, although lightning had often put radios or navigation aids out of business. These instruments in CF-MCF were so badly shattered as to tell no tale.

Other investigations by technical experts meanwhile were turning up these facts: that no explosion had taken place aboard; that the automatic pilot was not on, and thus that one of the three

qualified officers aboard must have been at the controls; that engines, propellers, and lubrication had been fine up till the time of impact.

What did seem significant were two items. First was that CF-MCF had an overload of fuel when it left Keflavik, Iceland, but since it had bypassed Goose Bay and Quebec City, it must have been perilously short of fuel when it reached Issoudun. By any reasoning, it should have refueled at Quebec City before proceeding to Toronto. The other important deduction was that most seat

belts, including those of the two men in the cockpit (it was impossible to tell which two they were) were fastened, indicating the plane was in rough weather.

It was these lines of inquiry, given to the three-man board of inquiry in Montreal in February, 1958, which led to the verdict this January that Canada's greatest air disaster had been probably caused by "severe turbulence encountered while flying in a cumulo-nimbus cloud, resulting in a chain of events leading to a complete loss of control and causing the aircraft to dive to the ground in a near-vertical nose-down attitude."

A brief, violent flurry had been caused last November by the bizarre testimony of Dr. Bernard B. Raginsky, a Montreal psychiatrist. He testified that he had treated the plane's captain two years before, and under hypnosis had become convinced that Ramsay was not really in full command of himself. But since it could not be proved that Ramsay was even at the controls over Issoudun, this testimony was not considered in the final verdict.

Many crashes result in verdicts which are "probable" rather than certain. There was little doubt however in the crash of a Beechcraft Bonanza between Ottawa and Montreal on a fatal Feb. 13, 1949. W. C. Siple, the pilot, himself an airline-company director, stood on an Ottawa runway and watched with interest as ice was chipped off a big Colonial Airlines plane which had just landed. Then, apparently without thinking, he loaded his wife and five children into his own small machine, which had no de-icing apparatus, and took off in the direction the airliner had just come.

Half an hour later his ice-laden craft crashed and burned, killing all aboard.

Flying getting safer

It is this unpredictable, inexplicable, often fatal lapse of judgment on the part of otherwise fine pilots which frustrates the DOT's crash detectives. One famous case in 1957 concerned control locks—devices put on rudders, elevators and ailerons while a plane is on the ground, to keep these control surfaces from being wrenched by the wind. Following a series of mishaps caused by failure to remove these control locks before take-off, the DOT recommended that airlines adopt brightly colored locks which would twist the controls inside the cockpit, preferably so much that the controls couldn't even be moved.

On June 23, 1957, a Pacific Western Airlines pilot, whose company had not heeded this recommendation, walked completely around his DC-3 at Port Hardy, B.C., without noticing that the control locks were still in place. He managed to take off all right but soon radioed that the controls were "a bit stiff" and indicated his intention to return. The DC-3 crashed on landing, killing 14 people, the control locks still plainly visible in the ruin.

Despite such cases, Canada's crash detectives believe the world is becoming safer for flying. They point to the most exhaustive examination ever made, the multi-million-pound so-called "jetecutive story" around the two de Havilland Comets which crashed in 1954. To obtain evidence BOAC spared no expense, did hazardous flight tests over the same courses, even filled one Comet with water and alternately pressurized and depressurized it till it exploded, thus providing proof that "metal fatigue" could kill, and—by contributing this evidence—making flying that much safer.

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up to Issoudun was conducted by Accident Investigation Chief Charles Travers himself. This was in connection with the mid-air collision over Moose Jaw in April, 1954, of a TCA liner and an RCAF trainer, in which thirty-five people lost their lives. This famous probe led to an ingenious "block air space" system providing positive separation for all aircraft between approximately 10,000 and 22,000 feet.

Since 1956, when the scheme came into force, there have been no mid-air collisions on Canada's crowded air lanes. "A most fortunate sequel to the tragic loss of all those lives" is how Travers describes the outcome of this investigation.

Travers believes that many deaths might be averted in big-plane crashes if seats faced backward. But neither he nor airline companies think passengers

would like this reminder that air accidents can happen. Travers also believes that the recent rise in the number of accidents (from 426 in 1956 to 548 the next year) is due to the tremendous number of people who now have enough money to spare for flying courses. Ideally, they should each have thirty to fifty hours of soloing, with instrument and night flying included, before they receive their pilots' licenses. But this would put courses beyond the reach of most people and spell doom for much private flying in Canada. Nevertheless, he expects a drop in the number of accidents this year.

If he should be mistaken and the volume of accidents rises, it will mean that much more work for those rugged, flight-struck members of his civil-service division known as "crash detectives." ★



The hectic scramble for the class of '59

Continued from page 23

"There were rumors of lavish weekends in New York, where companies wooed their prospects"

hundred employers put in bids for graduates by letter, telephone and telegraph. Placement bureaus even get a small but steady call for graduates who normally go into practices of their own—doctors, dentists and lawyers. One elderly interior decorator requested "a nice interior-design graduate who will work with me for a while and then inherit my business."

In a few years placement bureaus of Canadian universities have expanded almost to the status of faculties. In fact, at the University of Ottawa, placement is an integral part of the faculty of social sciences.

Toronto's crash plan evolved in self-defense. Two years ago, between October and May, five thousand job interviews were held on campus, most of them during class hours. Some companies bypassed the university's placement service, set up interview rooms in downtown hotels and lured applicants by advertisements in the Varsity, the campus newspaper, and in Toronto dailies. There were rumors of choice prospects being taken on lavish weekend junkets to New York, where the company officials could woo the students in a congenial atmosphere.

Professors complained to Kenneth Bradford, placement director, that they were lecturing to classes of transients who kept slipping out and returning. One physics professor paused in the middle of a laboratory demonstration to denounce the comings and goings as a discourtesy to himself.

"Sir," answered a student whose return from a job interview had been the immediate cause of the professor's exasperation, "it's a compliment to your course. In other classes we just take the afternoon off."

Bradford made a calculation that appalled him and other university officials: in a few years the planned expansion of the university combined with increasing competition for graduates would add up to fifteen thousand interviews. Even at a minimum of half an hour each, this would mean seventy-five hundred hours

of education lost, or the equivalent of fifty students missing their whole final year of study.

Bradford polled some of his placement colleagues at big United States universities to find out how they were solving this knotty problem. The gist of their answers was, "We're not—and we're quietly going mad." So Bradford, a lean ex-colonel of infinite calm and patience, set about devising the first production-line system for bringing together a graduating class and the employers who wanted to hire its members.

Each employer who planned to dip into the manpower pool registered with the university, supplied booklets, pamphlets and brochures to inform the students of company policies, plans and working conditions, and indicated what type of engineers and scientists they were seeking. Examples: Canadian Industries Ltd. wanted every branch of electrical and physical science grads; Carnation Co. needed civil, mechanical, electrical and metallurgical engineers; Noranda Mines needed geologists plus mechanical, chemical, mining and metallurgical engineers; Procter and Gamble sought graduates of the University of Toronto's new engineering-business course, in addition to civil, mechanical, chemical and electrical engineers.

Some of the more enterprising employers took further steps to attract candidates. They bought advertisements in the campus newspaper urging the final-year engineering and science students to register for interviews with them. Appointment sheets were laid out on a long table in the mining building, and the students were turned loose on them. Bradford suggested that eight interviews per student might be a manageable schedule; some narrowed the choice of employers down to three or four, others registered for a dozen or more interviews.

For reasons predictable and unpredictable the students distributed their favors quite unevenly among the companies. A leading metal-processing company that closed down one of its plants and laid

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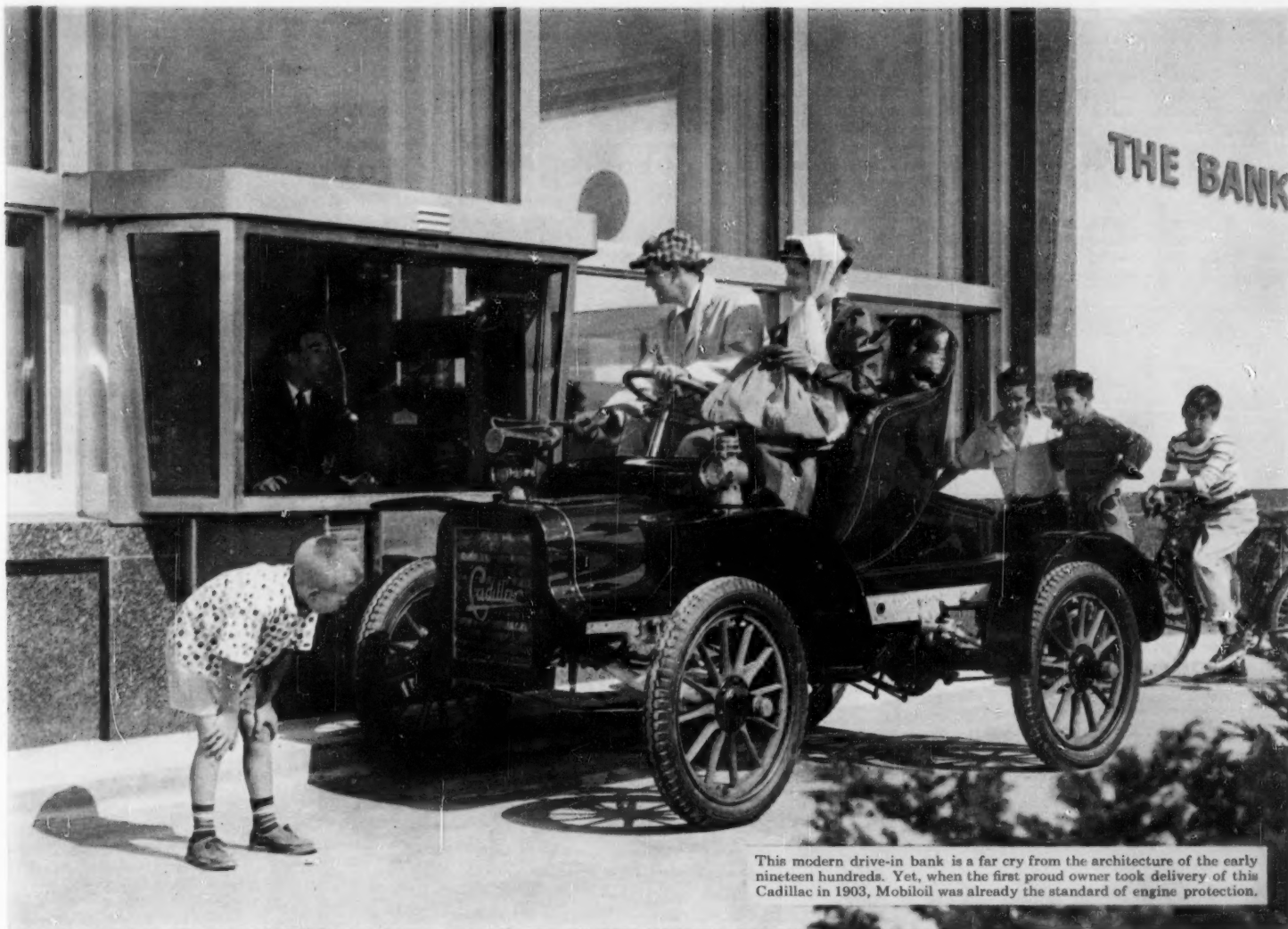
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off hundreds of employees two years ago was back in the market for engineers but attracted practically no candidates. On the other hand an oil company that needed no new men decided to go through the motions of recruiting in order to "keep the franchise open" for future years, found its interview schedule booked solid, and ended by hiring a couple of men.

But the principal reason why some companies—among them multi-million-dollar corporations—failed to impress candidates was that their literature told

their story so poorly. Bradford, the placement director, reported:

"Less than a third of the information supplied to us was of any value in describing the company and its opportunities to a student. The expensive books of fervent prose with which our graduates were pried appeared to be a test of the senior's verbal comprehension. They expected him to extract the kernel of information that was wrapped in the fleshy pap of executive egotism. When the placement department attempted to do the extraction, even the tiny kernel

was not to be found in many cases."

Bradford and his helpers finally went to The Financial Post's files for factual information to enlighten students on the activities of companies that were unable to tell their own stories intelligibly. (At the University of Western Ontario seven out of ten students in the recruiting program found the companies' literature poor, with the result that they had to "shop around" via a multitude of interviews to decide what employers offered the kind of jobs they wanted.)

One engineering graduate, recruited by

the glittering phrases of a company brochure, compiled a glossary of "executive vernacular" for the guidance of later graduates:

"Many opportunities"—We're short-staffed.

"Top-level position"—Title in lieu of raise.

"Responsible assignments"—Work.

"Job interest"—Good-looking secretary.

"Promotion from within"—The boss is loaded with relatives.

"Security"—You'll be stuck in the same job fifty years.

"Stimulating contacts"—Office parties.

"Unique climate of teamwork"—We don't speak to each other so we get along fine.

But in spite of some shortcomings the University of Toronto's three-day blitz salvaged so many hours of training for the engineers and saved the recruiters so much time and confusion that McGill University has adopted a similar program, and observers from many Canadian and United States universities have come to Toronto to study the plan in action.

The growing invasion of university campuses by employers—an indication of the extent of this is the fact that just ten years ago McGill was visited by thirty-nine employers, this year by one hundred and eighty—has two major causes.

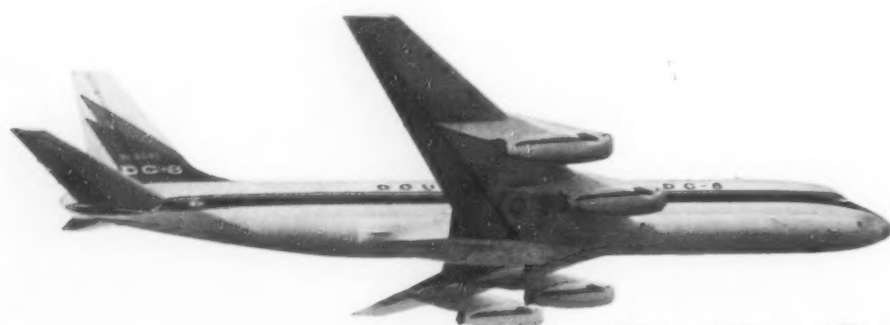
The obvious one is that in an expanding economy industry and government need more men and women with specific professional training in the physical sciences, commerce, education, teaching, nursing, agriculture, forestry and especially in engineering. There just aren't enough of these to go around in the long run, even though the supply-and-demand situation fluctuates sharply from year to year.

Two years ago almost every graduating engineer had his choice of two or three jobs and some companies induced students to sign on by putting them on the payroll three or four months before they graduated. Last year's engineers, graduating in mid-recession, found barely enough jobs to go around (ten percent of McGill's engineers hadn't found engineering jobs two months after graduation).

This year the top half of the graduating classes again have their choice of jobs. The rest are pretty well assured of employment, although for some it will be on the employers' terms. Next year's demand for engineers may be affected by what happens to the hundreds thrown out of work by the abandonment of the Avro Arrow jet fighter, which took place shortly after the majority of the 1959 crop of graduates had found jobs. Strangely enough, the starting salaries offered graduate engineers in the recession year 1958 were the highest on record. At McGill the average was \$404 a month, up from the \$391 of the "good" previous year. In fact, starting salaries for engineers have risen an average of twenty dollars a month every year since 1949, when \$229 was the average.

But the need for specific professional skills is not the only factor in the present scramble for college graduates. Employers who as recently as two or three years ago never dreamed of hiring men and women with university degrees are now seeking them out.

An extreme example was the man who telephoned a request to the University of Toronto for four young women graduates—"not just in arts but honor arts." Their job would be to sell hot dogs from a canteen boat anchored in Toronto



Look up to the DC-8

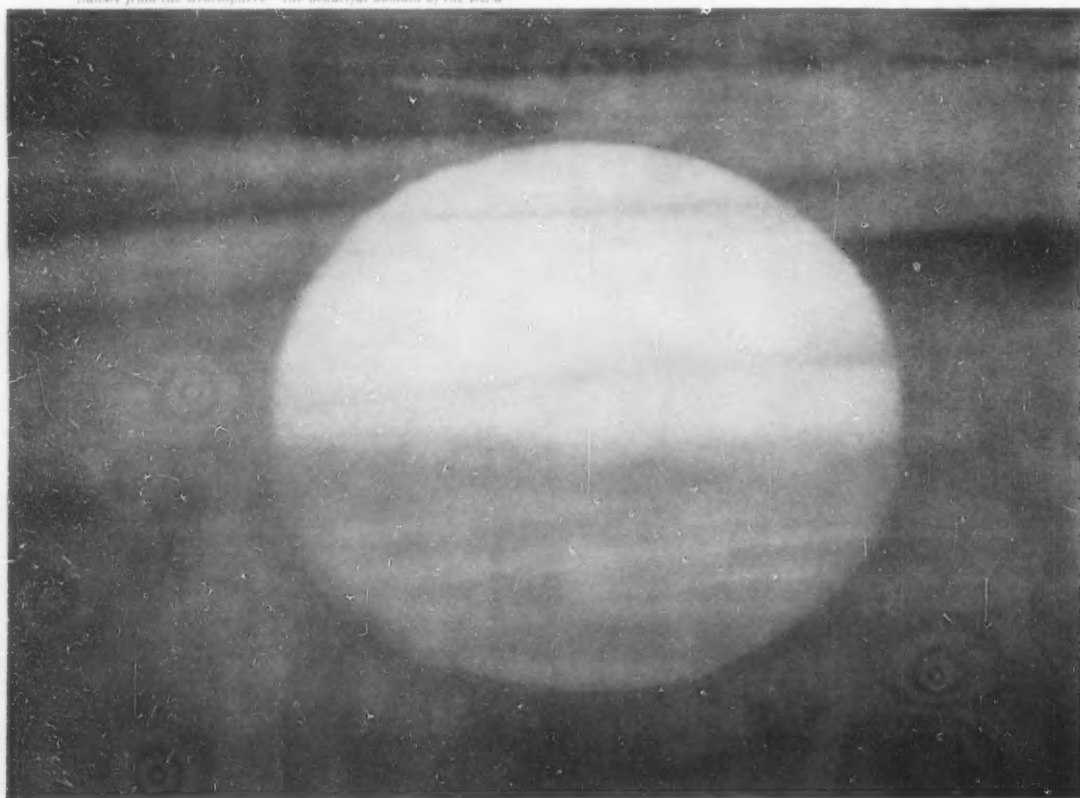
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Sunset from the stratosphere—the beautiful domain of the DC-8



bay. He wanted waitresses who could write BA after their names because his customers were high-class people—yachtsmen and cabin-cruiser owners.

Less unlikely employers who have started hiring college graduates for jobs not usually regarded as requiring a degree include department stores like Eaton's and Simpson's, chain stores like Zeller's, and grocery supermarkets like Loblaw's, Dominion and A & P; packing plants, labor unions, co-operatives and banks.

A few years ago a twenty-one-year-old gold medalist in the business course at the University of Western Ontario wanted to make a career of banking. He was turned down by the banks to which he applied for a job. The reason: he was "too old" to start in a bank. The bankers were not impressed by his gold medal. They were satisfied with their standard hiring practice: high-school graduates in their late teens, at starting salaries of \$1,400 a year.

Today the banks are each hiring up to fifteen college graduates a year and paying them a minimum starting salary of \$3,600 a year (the minimum for high-school grads has meanwhile risen to \$1,900 a year). In the banks, the BAs start on the same footing (except for salary) as any other junior clerk, and their progress is based entirely on the ability they show. This presents a delicate problem in staff relations, however, since a university grad beginning in a branch bank as fifth assistant teller is probably making more money than half a dozen men senior to him.

"We approach this problem," said the personnel director of one bank, "by suggesting that when we hire college graduates we are making up for the special training they have undertaken for our benefit at a cost of four years and five thousand dollars each. But we also make it clear that they have no special advantage *because* they're college men; in other words, that while they've got the equipment to advance fast, whether they do so or not is up to the individual."

The fact that a college education takes four or more years out of a young man's life and costs him from five thousand dollars for a BA to ten thousand for an engineering or science degree is only part of the reason why college graduates are being hired at salaries at least fifty percent more than high-school graduates can expect. A more practical reason is the fact that some parts of the country are running short of top-grade high-school students who go to work instead of going on to university.

The personnel director of a meat-packing company with branches in most major Canadian cities said that he is hiring sixty college graduates this year because he simply has not been able to find

promising high-school graduates. "Educators tell us that not nearly enough high-school graduates are going on to college," he said. "That may be statistically true, but employers are beginning to find that the cream of the crop are already going to college and in 1959 it's hard to find future executives among the young men who are going to work after high school instead of continuing their education."

In the coming years employers are going to have to seek an increasingly larger proportion of their staff in colleges. In Ontario, for example, the pro-

vincial government's 1959 budget earmarks funds for four thousand university scholarships and bursaries, "to ensure," in the words of provincial treasurer James Allan, "that no student who has the capacity will be deprived of the opportunity of attending university." Even without this stimulus, the University of Toronto was preparing for an increase in student population to 21,500 from the present 13,800.

Companies that make a long-range policy of hiring university graduates don't scramble for them even in years

when demand exceeds supply. Procter and Gamble, which started hiring university graduates for its business office as well as engineers for its plant more than thirty years ago, hired fifty-eight college men for one of its divisions in the past four years. But in the process the company's recruiters interviewed no fewer than 1,618 candidates, called back 551 of them for further testing, and made definite job offers to 108.

From time to time, a company—usually with a new and enterprising boss at the helm—decides to build up a back-



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log of talent by hiring the entire graduating class in one of the sciences at a small university. The most recent example was a western chemical firm that hired all eighteen graduating chemical engineers from a prairie university.

But the "coup" backfired. There wasn't enough work for eighteen new chemical engineers and half of them had to mark time around the plant. The management was quite content to keep the men on at good salaries until they were needed, but in a few months they became restless and began to drift away to other jobs.

Companies devise various means of interesting students in future employment a year or two before they graduate. Many give summer jobs to promising students to indoctrinate them into the working conditions they can expect. But no employer "jumps the gun" as effectively as the Canadian armed forces.

Under a new tri-services recruitment program directed by Brig. Robert Rothschild from Ottawa, high-school students are enlisted before they matriculate and, if they fill the services' medical and scholastic requirements, are put through college with all expenses paid plus a living allowance and salary. At present there are 1,550 young men at Canadian universities and service colleges under the Regular Officers' Training Plan, comprising 240 for the navy, 575 for the army and 735 for the RCAF.

There's no way of knowing how many of these students would have been unable to attend college otherwise, because the ROTP isn't concerned with the financial standing of its recruits. But certainly the plan makes it possible for candidates without funds to go to university. The ROTP pays for tuition, books and equipment, provides medical and dental care and a salary of \$128 a month (\$63 a month at a service college where room and board are provided).

On graduation the students become officers at a starting pay of \$374, plus \$125 a month flying pay for RCAF aircrew. ROTP students sign on for a three-year hitch.

Much has been said of the loss of Canadian university graduates to the United States, but Kenneth Bradford, placement director at the University of Toronto, and Rowan Coleman, his opposite number at McGill, maintain that estimates of the number of college men who cross the border (some as high as thirty percent) are greatly exaggerated and the loss is actually under five percent. In the first place, U.S. draft laws make men of the age group of most university graduates liable to compulsory service in the armed forces, and Canadian graduates are reluctant to start their careers with a hitch in the U.S. Army.

Moreover, the experience of placement officers is that most graduates, particularly those in Ontario and Quebec where the big university population is centred, want jobs as close to home as possible.

"It actually amounts to a placement problem," says Laurent Isabelle, placement director at the University of Ottawa. "Westerners and Maritimers are willing to travel, but not graduates from central Canada. They demand jobs in their own home cities."

One startling exception to that tendency, however, concerns the most sought-after of all jobs for university graduates — overseas service with the Department of External Affairs and the Department of Trade and Commerce. This year the federal Civil Service had fifty jobs open for foreign posting and received 442 applications from graduates. ★



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For the sake of argument

Continued from page 8

We may feel that religion has had a bad influence on the life of mankind, but we cannot deny that it has had an influence. Therefore, if a person is to understand the world around him, he must understand religion. A person who does not have religious knowledge can never really be considered a fully educated person.

Therefore, religion should be taught in our public schools, and in our high schools and universities, for the same reason that other subjects are taught. It is part of the human story, and cannot be ignored by anyone who wants to be fully informed. When religion is taught this way, no one need ever fear that his children are going to be alienated from their faith. Not only would the course refrain from advocating any particular religion, it would refrain from advocating the worth of religion itself. It would not seek even to persuade children to believe in God. It would simply tell them about religion.

Those who claim with dogmatic authority that religion is the responsibility of the church and the home alone are right if they mean persuading children to accept a religion. But, they are wrong if they deny the schools the right to inform children what religion is. Simply the fact that religious views differ does not mean that the schools should abstain from this part of the human story. Our views differ on many interpretations of historical events, but history is still taught, and so should religion be.

Second, what should be taught in our religious-knowledge courses? A program should be outlined which could provide information about the great religions of the world, but especially about those found in our own society. In our historical studies, we learn something about the development of other nations, but chiefly we study the history of our own country and its motherland. Therefore, our children should learn something about the great religions of mankind, but chiefly about the great religions of the society in which they live. These are Christianity and Judaism.

I am going to suggest here a five-year course of religious education which might be implemented from grades seven to eleven. This would mean a considerable change in the present method followed because religious education is provided at present in grades one to six but not generally in secondary schools. I am making this recommendation, however, because I believe that the age group in grades seven to eleven is one where there can be sufficient understanding of the material presented and also great interest in it. In suggesting that the course begin at grade seven, I do not mean that religion would never be mentioned from grades one to six, but that it would be confined to the reading of some of the great stories from the Bible and other sacred writings, which are filled with interest and inspiration for children of all religions and of no religion.

In Ontario—the province with which

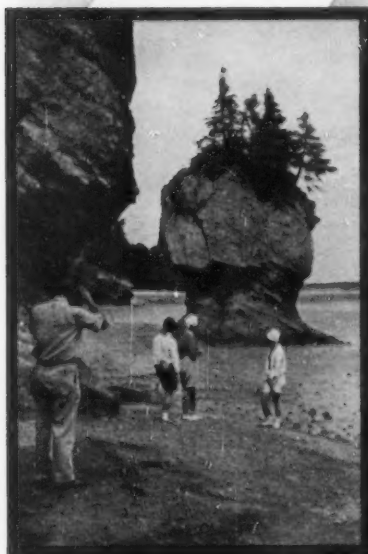


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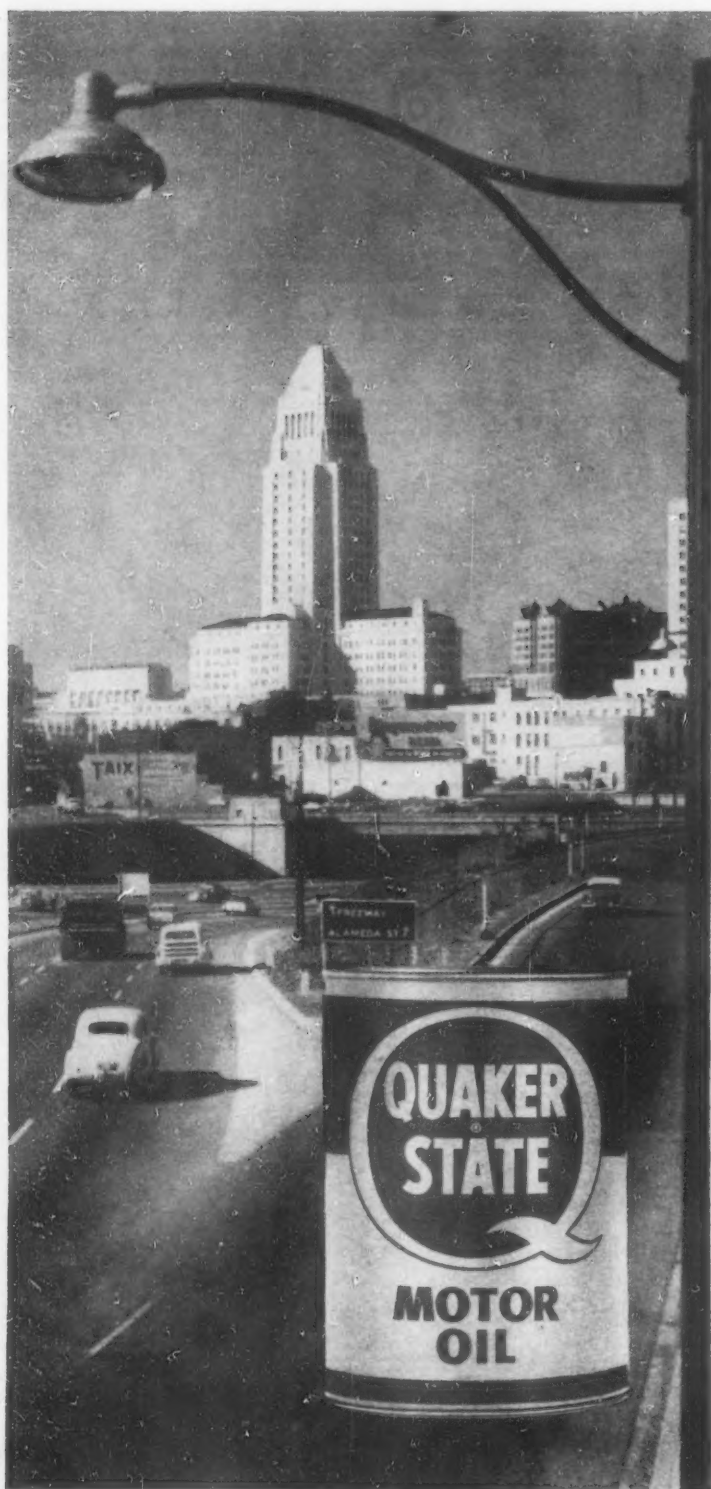
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I am most familiar—such readings were the common practice of public schools before the present system was started in 1944, and I have never heard any criticism of them. Their value is great, not only because they are free from the friction that has arisen over religious teaching in the junior grades, but because they are among the best stories ever told. They should be known by everyone, quite apart from his religious beliefs or lack of them, and, indeed, are necessary to a full education.

Dr. Malcolm Wallace, when he was principal of University College in Toronto, used to tell his students in the English course that they could not understand English literature unless they knew the contents of the Bible. So many Biblical stories and references are contained in our literature that we need this background knowledge, and in themselves they form a literature that everyone in our society should know.

But, what is to be taught from grades seven to eleven? Here is an outline of a possible syllabus. Grade seven should receive a course on the history of Israel as it is found in the Old Testament. This is important because both Judaism and the Old Testament have had such a profound influence on the civilization of the western world. In grade eight, there should be a study of the life and teaching of Jesus as contained in the New Testament because no one has had more influence on the history of the western world than Jesus. Regardless of whether or not a person is a Christian, he should know the story of Jesus because it has made such a difference to the world in which all of us live.

In grade nine, the first year of secondary school, a course on the history of the Christian church would acquaint students with the development of the religious institution that has affected our society more than any other. We may feel that its contribution has been a poor one, but it still has made a major contribution, and it should be known by

all educated people. By grade ten, students should be ready for an elementary study of the teaching of the religions which are held by millions of people in other parts of the world. Our world is becoming so small, and so many of us are now coming in touch with other races and civilizations that it is time we began to learn something about them.

In grade eleven, I would suggest that a year be spent on studying some of the great moral problems of our time, and recognizing the moral heritage we have received from our great religions. When I was in that grade, we studied ancient history, a wide title for what was a narrow subject because all we studied was the ancient history of Rome and Greece. We thus learned that one of the antecedents of modern democracy was the ancient Greek city-state with its assembly of free men. I wish that we had also been told that one of the forerunners of democracy was the ancient synagogue, a local society of free men met together, and that this concept of a free local assembly in which each man had rights was necessary before modern democracy could be developed.

Can such a course be taught without fanning the flames of controversy? Certainly it can, just as some interpretative subjects are taught now without arousing great strife. For example, the history of the Reformation is part of the history course provided in our schools, and has been taught for generations. What could be more open to debate than that episode, and yet it has been taught without any public issue developing. If that can be done, so can the rest of the material be presented in a way which will not give offense. The knowledge of religion can be taught objectively and without either prejudice or bias, when the aim is not to persuade but to inform.

Another critic might wonder if such a course might not leave the pupils confused rather than enlightened. For example, would not a child be better just to know his own religion, which he can

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learn at his own church school, instead of learning about other faiths also? If we argue that, we are saying that we want intellectual fences around our children so that they learn nothing but the ideas which their parents hold. Let us not be afraid of new knowledge. Our children are made of stronger stuff than some of us think, and experience would show that an objective presentation of religion would not lead to spiritual confusion but to a greater understanding of the faiths that people profess. There is a genuine curiosity among students about other faiths, and they should have a chance to satisfy this natural intellectual desire. This cannot be done in churches, for they are most likely to receive a biased presentation there. It can and should be done in schools.

Still another critic may say that the crowded curriculum in our secondary schools defies any addition. I say in reply that such a view can be held only by a person who does not see that religious knowledge is basic to academic education. When I have talked to some educationists who favor religion in the schools, I have found that they see it not as part of the academic program, but as a good moral influence on the children. What we need to realize is that religious education is rightly as much a part of a good education as any other study. Room for it has been made in the timetables of many secondary schools in Ontario since it was first permitted, and this has not had a harmful effect on the other academic subjects.

Finally, for argument's sake, let's change the staff which is responsible for this work. At present, the instruction in grades one to six is given by the class teacher. This has disadvantages because it means that some teachers are required to teach a subject which they dislike very much, and about which they may know very little. Grades seven and eight are taught by clergymen, who also provide the religious teaching in secondary schools wherever it is given. This means another job is added to the responsibility of the clergy who are already overworked but who, for fourteen years, have provided their teaching as a public service without any compensation. Surely, they are the only people teaching in the schools who have not asked for a raise during those years, and it is time that the school boards relieved them from this voluntary work which they have performed so long.

Moreover, while a clergyman may be completely objective in his classroom lessons, he is always open to the obvious criticism that he is evangelizing. We shall never be free from controversy as long as the clergy do the teaching.

Grades seven and eight are taught by clergymen in most communities, and they also provide the religious teaching in secondary schools wherever it is given.

Let's solve the problem, therefore, by arranging for religion to be taught in the same way that music and art are presented; that is, by specialists who have studied the various religions and are trained also in the methods of good teaching. Probably, the school boards will find this suggestion the most unpalatable of all which I have made because it is so much easier to add another job to the workload of the class teacher and the clergyman. In that way, it does not cost them anything. But if religion is worth teaching, it is worth teaching well and we should not let the dollars stand in the way of good education.

Let's not keep religious education as it is. Let's not abolish it either. Let's improve it instead. ★



The University of Toronto

Continued from page 20

staff and the university president. If it's nine a.m. Claude Bissell, forty-three, Varsity's eighth president, has just parked his grey Oldsmobile and entered the building.

As he climbs to the second floor and goes along the corridor to his airy, white-carpeted office he passes a résumé of Varsity's history—rows of portraits, signed photographs and memorial tablets commemorating the men who helped shape the university. Bissell's predecessors seem to have been a mixed bag: massive, shrewd Sidney Smith, Canada's minister for external affairs until this March, who told the students to greet him, "Hi, Sid;" gentle, courtly Sir Robert Falconer, who knew most of the undergraduates by name and called them "Miss" and "Mister"; shy, stiff-backed James Loudon, who had nothing to say to the students at all, and wound up so unpopular with them that he was asked to resign and ended his days a bewildered and bitter man.

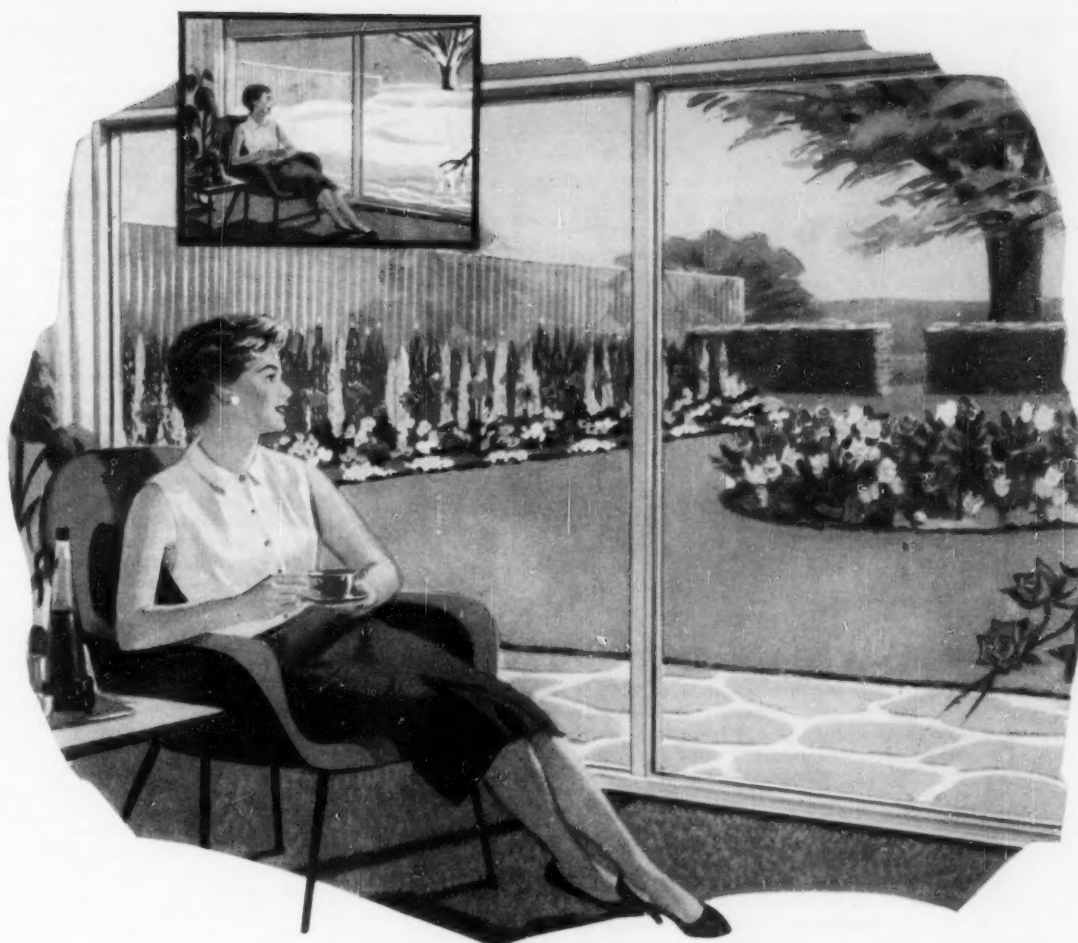
But at least there is some sign of pattern—and an abiding principle.

Only Anglicans could apply

Here's John McCaul, the second president, who in the 1860s insisted on undergraduate protest that a negro be admitted to a student society. Here's Falconer, who, during the First World War, under pressure from his own board of governors, refused to dismiss three German professors from the staff. His successor, Canon H. J. Cody, under pressure from the Hepburn government of the thirties, likewise refused to dismiss one of his history professors, F. J. Underhill, who was actively campaigning for the CCF party. Sidney Smith, in his turn, backed Leopold Infeld—the brilliant Polish physicist who, with Einstein, had written the Evolution of Physics—against demands for his removal from staff on the grounds that he was a Communist. Infeld subsequently lit out for his homeland where he amused himself for a time by calling Smith "fascist."

The tradition of complete academic freedom of belief doesn't quite date from Varsity's beginning, however, since in the beginning was that canny, colorful, rock-jawed bigot, Bishop John Strachan, who meant all the students and staff of his university to subscribe to the thirty-nine articles of the Anglican faith.

The educated son of a lowly Scottish quarryman, Strachan had come out to Upper Canada in 1799 when he was twenty-one to be headmaster of a new government school. He found the school a mere pious hope on the part of a few leading citizens, so he switched to the church, shopped around for one that promised preferment—it happened to be the Church of England—and carved himself out an episcopal barony from the muddy wastes of York. A willful, worldly prelate with a trick of whistling soundlessly when he wasn't talking and a thick Scots brogue when he was, he ingratiated himself with the Family Compact—that band of local aristocrats on the make—and wound up their leader.



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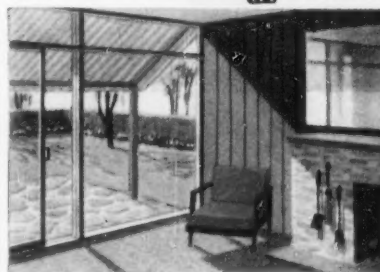
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But, perhaps by way of compensation for his first disappointment, he made a lifetime sideline of getting schools founded. It was Strachan who talked James McGill into the legacy of land and money that gave McGill University its start. Then he went to work on his own university, King's College, which was to be a Church of England institution endowed by the state. He got a Royal Charter in 1827, spent sixteen years getting the doors open and then, after another six years, saw the whole project collapse.

Under fire from other religious denominations for favoritism to the Anglican faith, the government finally converted King's College into a non-denominational provincial university, the University of Toronto. It was a scandal and a hissing throughout Upper Canada for most people then believed education had to go hand in hand with religion. Strachan called the new institution "a godless imitation of Babel," and flounced off out to west Toronto to found a private Anglican university, Trinity.

The godless university graduated only one student that first year, but it slowly attracted supporters and, in 1859, after occupying a succession of makeshift quarters, got its own home, the building that is now University College.

University College, which faces Simcoe Hall across the front campus, is an obese Romanesque pile that is a hundred years old this year. Undergraduates, full of harmless poise, linger on its shallow front steps in the thin morning sunlight, finishing their cigarettes before the first lecture. They are a heterogeneous lot. University College, which once was the university itself, is now just one of the four federated arts colleges. But it is still secular, so it tends to attract the recusant, the uncommitted, the member of the minority group. Because of this, its sun-stained halls seem to echo more strongly than the rest of the campus to the painful derision and desperate idealism of youth.

These are qualities that can produce leaders of men, and pleasant suburban housewives; this year they also produced an Ed Lacey. Lacey, a fourth-year honor student, disciplined by a residence committee for an altercation in the residence dining hall, went on a protest hunger-strike and was asked to leave residence. The incident is curiously suggestive of some central fact about UC—not only because Lacey embarked on a one-man rebellion but also because he then went away and made a sonnet out of fresh memory. It read:

*The yellow residence was not built
of bile
But bricks, not bones but beautiful
bequests,
Behold it, golden in the sinking west,
The lordly, godless and endowed pile;
Dons stroll its broad green lawns,
bereft of guile
Kindly men, light of learning, free
of jest;
And students dream by, clad in Ivy
best,
And elm leaves tilt down softly all
the while,
There was a time when I once roamed
those halls
Innocent in my light and laughing
morning,
Knew friendship, treason and
autocracy;
But now I hear, without an unseen
wall,
The soundless voice again of my first
warning,
"All shalt thou have, who hast
hypocrisy."*

© University College Gargoyle

Besides poets, UC has given Varsity the rowdy campus revue, with cheese-cake and intramural gags, and the tradition of the campus newspaper editor who gets fired over a matter of principle. The first was James Tucker, a UC man and editor of the Varsity, who got sacked in 1895 when he refused to apologize for an anti-administration editorial. An undergraduate named William Lyon Mackenzie King led a boycott of lectures in protest against the administration's action.

Here on the campus in front of UC the university seems all of a piece: students, teachers, administration; the stock-piled lore of the world across there on the east side in the new library; recreation and the time-honored bull session to the north here in the mullioned YMCA that is Hart House, gift of the Hart Massey estate, Vincent Massey executor.

But south from the campus to College Street stretches a thicket of sober buildings with their faces toward each other or toward the city's traffic. These are the homes of the pure and applied sciences, of physics and chemistry, of botany and zoology and hygiene. The students, busy, practical young men with heavy loads of books and heavier lecture schedules, hunch along to a noon-hour class in casual squads.

Still further isolated, east beyond Queen's Park, medical students hurry through the tunnel under College Street that connects the Banting Institute with the Toronto General Hospital.

Hard work and horseplay

Along St. George Street, to the west, other students are entering converted Victorian houses, taking the front steps two at a time, to go to lectures in mathematics or geophysics.

The loyalties of these men belong to their faculties. Their traditions are hard work and horseplay, the good-natured feud between Skule (the faculty of applied science and engineering) and Meds, sundry stealings of each other's mascots and kidnappings of each other's class presidents.

Then, along a great peripheral arc that stretches north around the far side of Queen's Park Crescent and west across Hoskin Avenue, stand the three denominational arts colleges, founded separately but now federated to the university. They joined, one after the other, between 1881 and 1903, to take advantage of the university's growing concentration of staff and facilities, but they guard jealously their separate traditions.

St. Michael's, the Roman Catholic college, registers a trace of Ivy League drawl, for it has a heavy enrollment of U.S. students who want both a first-class degree and a college of their own faith. Victoria College, the United Church establishment, has a wholesome collegiate air, and a history of zeal combined with liberalism. Early in the century Victoria produced the largest contingent of missionaries ever to leave a Canadian port; they sailed away for the Orient, so the college history records, singing On the Old Ontario Strand, the college song. More recently the college produced Liberal leader Lester Pearson, complete with bow tie.

And along Hoskin, staring unrepentantly south toward the back of the

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"One professor's demonstrations included poetry, sleight-of-hand and the splintering of frozen fish"

"godless imitation of Babel," stands Bishop Strachan's second stab at an Anglican university, Trinity. The building is a copy of the neo-Gothic structure Strachan erected in west Toronto (though an added story spoils the proportions). Its constituency is still the Family Compact, though somewhat dilute now, and its flavor is still Oxonian, also somewhat dilute. The students wear gowns to lectures and meals, the dons dine at high table under the bishop's portrait and, though the college doesn't quite run to the vintage-port-and-nuts traditional at Oxford, the bursar has laid in a supply of Ontario Liquor Control Board sherry for the senior common room.

What can all these separate communities, with their separate histories and loyalties, have in common?

Well, they share some possessions: the tradition of their presidents; the undergraduate newspaper; Varsity arena and Varsity stadium and the Varsity football team, the Blues, which won the intercollegiate championship last year. The men share Hart House and, on specified occasions, share it with the women. They also shared it on one unspecified occasion this year when they invited Jay Macpherson, poet and lecturer in English at Victoria, to speak to them on Canadian poetry under the impression that she was a man.

All undergraduates also have joint ownership in the amiable folklore that inevitably enshrines such campus figures as the late John Satterly, professor of physics. Satterly's annual demonstration of liquid air to the first-year science

students was a scientific free-for-all that featured poetry, song, sleight-of-hand, the splintering of frozen goldfish and the detonation of bombs. And there was the late Leo Smith, composer, cellist and professor of music, who used occasionally to borrow one of the Hart House violas da gamba for use in string quartets. The violas were museum pieces, so if Smith kept one overnight he put it in a bedroom of its own, drew the curtains to prevent drafts, covered it with an eiderdown and a Shetland shawl and, if he were going to be out of the house himself, called in a baby-sitter.

There was also Professor Coventry, bachelor zoologist, who lived in the attic of Hart House amid bowl after bowl of pipes and bowl of wooden matches; he occasionally received undergraduates while stark naked except for the smoke clouds from his brier. The current regime seems to be producing its own candidate for legend in R. Morton Smith who turns up everywhere on the campus, including his own lectures in Sanskrit, in kilt and plaid of the blue MacFarlane tartan.

To all undergraduates, also, belongs whatever satisfaction comes from certain milestones and certain possible superlatives. Pabulum and insulin were both developed here and, this year at the institute of aerophysics, a revolutionary variation of the wind tunnel that will permit the study of satellites and rockets under space conditions. As for the faculty of applied science and engineering, one of its members, Professor J. E. Reid, designed the radiotelephone network used by the Ontario Provincial Police.

The definitive history of psychology was written here, by Dr. G. S. Brett, and some monumental studies of Canada's economic history, by Harold Innes. One of the world's half-dozen top historians, Dr. Donald Creighton, is on the staff; so is Dr. J. Tuzo Wilson, president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, which organized the International Geophysical Year; so is Dr. Charles Best, co-winner of a Nobel prize for the discovery of insulin.

Varsity trains forty percent of Canada's dentists and more geophysicists than any other institution in North America. It has the best school of graduate studies in the country, and one of the top dozen on the continent. It has Canada's biggest extension department, with some seventeen thousand adults enrolled last session for night lectures, correspondence and summer courses.

Oddly enough the superlatives have a significance for the university beyond vulgar boast. Sheer size, it turns out, has a quality beyond mere quantity. It attracts the eager people—just as the biggest city in a country attracts eager people. And, since there are exacting entrance requirements here, the concentrate is high. Varsity is a dense community of art and culture and commerce and sport and science and religion and entertainment and finance and incessant talk. Everywhere you go about the humming campus you sense the harmonies of passion and scorn and discovery.

Over at University College this afternoon Dr. Marcus Long, Irishman and professor of philosophy, is lecturing to one hundred and eighty first-year honor

students. They sit solemnly in the bright, bleached amphitheatre, which smells of varnish and Varsol and chalk. He is asking them bluntly to make up their minds about the justice of society's unwritten law, which forgives a man the murder of his wife's lover.

In a basement room of the Royal Ontario Museum, beneath four stories of millennial loot, Dr. Ted Carpenter, outspoken professor of anthropology, is lecturing to one hundred and ten students in second-year medicine. He is telling them that, in many primitive languages, no first-person pronoun exists. He suggests that our western notion of man — the individual personality who can cause things to happen by making up his mind to do them — is not proved.

In his book-lined office over Victoria college library, Dr. Northrop Frye, Bluenose, authority on William Blake, professor of English and newly appointed principal of Victoria, is conducting a seminar with half a dozen fourth-year English students. "All we know for sure about Shakespeare," he says flatly, "is that he once sued a man who owed him half a crown. You cannot and must not deduce anything about a man's personality from the poetry he writes."

Frye remarked recently, "The role of education is to make people maladjusted." Dr. Long, the philosopher, puts it another way. "People have to be shocked out of their prejudices and blind faiths before they can learn to think for themselves."

Sometimes the shock comes not in the classroom but in casually impassioned argument with others. A group of as-



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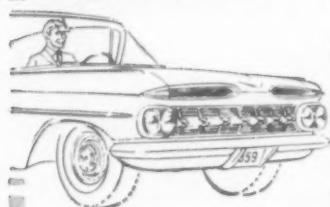
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40M

sorted undergraduates are discussing their own generation tonight in the Hart House cafeteria. The man in the blue-and-gold Skule jacket says, "We're no different from our parents. There are just as many rebels on the campus now as there ever were. People don't change."

The third-year philosophy student says, "Yeah? Then how come that petition to Diefenbaker about the Avro Arrow had to be started by a professor? That generation, they're still radicals. But us—none of us believe we can do anything to really change anything. That's what's wrong with us."

The Skuleman looks thoughtful.

It may happen some evening when a student is working, with an assignment to complete and his own mind to make up. In the big, grubby puce-and-yellow smoking room of the campus library a student in an open-necked shirt dumps some books on a table and sinks into a chair beside a clean-haired brunette. "Y'know what?" he asks flatly. "I don't like Cromwell. I've just decided."

Sometimes the mind suffers the soft

explosion to a new dimension in privacy. The maths-and-physics student, in an ill-lit third-floor room on Huron Street, browses idly through Hoyle's *Frontiers of Astronomy* and chooses his life's work.

Throughout the university, a thousand adventures... the Trinity man resolving not to join his father's fraternity because he doesn't like the values... the graduate student in English realizing that what he really wants to do is act... a girl who's been cramming for an exam in her residence bedroom wandering next door and saying dreamily, "I hope I live to be eighty so I can read all the books I want to..."

The daily traffic has long since ebbed out of the city, back up Queen's Park Crescent past the brown Victorian houses, solid against the evening sky; back up St. George Street past the brown Victorian house; back across Hoskin to Harbor between the grey stone and the red brick, which is turning color in the dwindling light as a rose turns bluish when it fades.

Varsity is honeycombed with empty cells. The Toronto students have left for home with the commuters. The rest are in their residences or their rooms-with-board. The professors are with their families, or preparing tomorrow's lecture, or snatching a few hours for what one has called, wryly, "our own hurried and furtive scholarship."

On the little main campus the front of University College is bathed in thick orange light the color of marmalade. Darkness engulfs the building's marshaled rotundities, leaving nothing but this lurid façade. Convocation Hall floats in the eerie green illumination of mercury arc lamps. There are night lights on in the library, but everyone has left. Deserted, the campus is an accident of mismatched buildings, without grammar or sense.

But when it's tenanted, this great ungainly university can be what a university ought to be—a place where people's minds are stocked and shocked and teased and shaken out. A perilous place. ★

Canada needs a lobby in Washington continued from page 25



"We must know when people are our friends and when they are not"

prevent Canadian industry from getting any large slice of orders for continental defense, despite the administration's wishes.

Even though we've given up our Arrow in favor of the U.S.-produced Bomarc, there is little chance of Canadian industry getting a major prime contract from Washington because of the pressure from the American defense industries. We'll have to take the crumbs as doled out in subcontracts by the big U.S. companies. Already there are queries from Capitol Hill, spurred by the domestic industries, wondering about this defense-production sharing arrangement between United States and Canada, and if it might mean the loss of some business to American plants. Defense-industry lobbying is done to such a fine degree in Washington that there is a mighty howl anytime plants in California get more business than plants on the east coast. And if the Pentagon dared to send any big contracts out of the country to Canada, the howl would be deafening and probably loud enough to call off the deal.

What's happened up to now is that these lobbies have had clear sailing in Congress. Nobody has been there to fight them on their own ground with their own weapons. If we're ever going to get anywhere in Washington, we've got to do a lot more than have diplomatic notes passed from pigeonhole to pigeonhole in the State Department. While our diplomats have done their job well within the strait jacket of protocol in which they must operate, our businessmen have failed to act. In short, until now Canadian business has been loud but lazy.

What is the job to be done?

Well, for example, we never have used the Florida delegation to Congress to our own advantage. Without Canadian tourists, and Canadian purchases of oranges, grapefruit, tangerines and other products, the Florida economy would be in a mess. Therefore it is very much to their advantage to have a strong Canadian economy. And if Canada's econ-

omy is going to be hurt by oil import restrictions or lead and zinc restrictions, the Florida delegation to Congress, properly educated and stimulated, could become a strong ally in fighting the restrictions.

Senator Hubert Humphrey, a Minnesota Democrat, is a very good friend of ours when it comes to U.S. oil import quotas. He wants Canadian oil because his state can get it cheaper than oil from other sources. So do most of the congressmen from the upper midwest, and they want our natural gas, too, for similar reasons. It's time we used this self-interest to our own advantage.

Our tankers help Maine

Take, for example, our good friend in Congress—probably our best—Democrat Frank Coffin, Maine representative. Repeatedly he has taken up Canada's battle against the oil import quotas. His motives are not purely altruistic. For one thing, he wants his state to get oil as cheaply as possible and that means imports. And here's another reason for his interest you may never have heard: if the U.S. keeps out Canadian oil, about the only place our oil can then go is to the rich eastern Canadian markets. That would mean building a pipeline from the prairies to Montreal. If this were done, it probably would be accompanied by a tariff to keep out the Venezuelan oil now used. If Venezuelan oil were kept out, it would mean the roughly five hundred ships carrying oil between Venezuela and Canada each year would stop coming. It happens that these ships unload at Portland, Maine, where a pipeline runs to Montreal. And in Portland, each vessel spends something like five thousand dollars for supplies and repairs.

If Canada, disgusted with the U.S. import restrictions, builds that pipeline to Montreal there won't be any Venezuelan oil coming to Canada, hence no ships stopping at Portland, and hence a multi-million-dollar loss to Portland and the state of Maine.

There are many situations like this. It is all part of the over-all, usually known but seldom-appreciated fact that Canada is Uncle Sam's best customer.

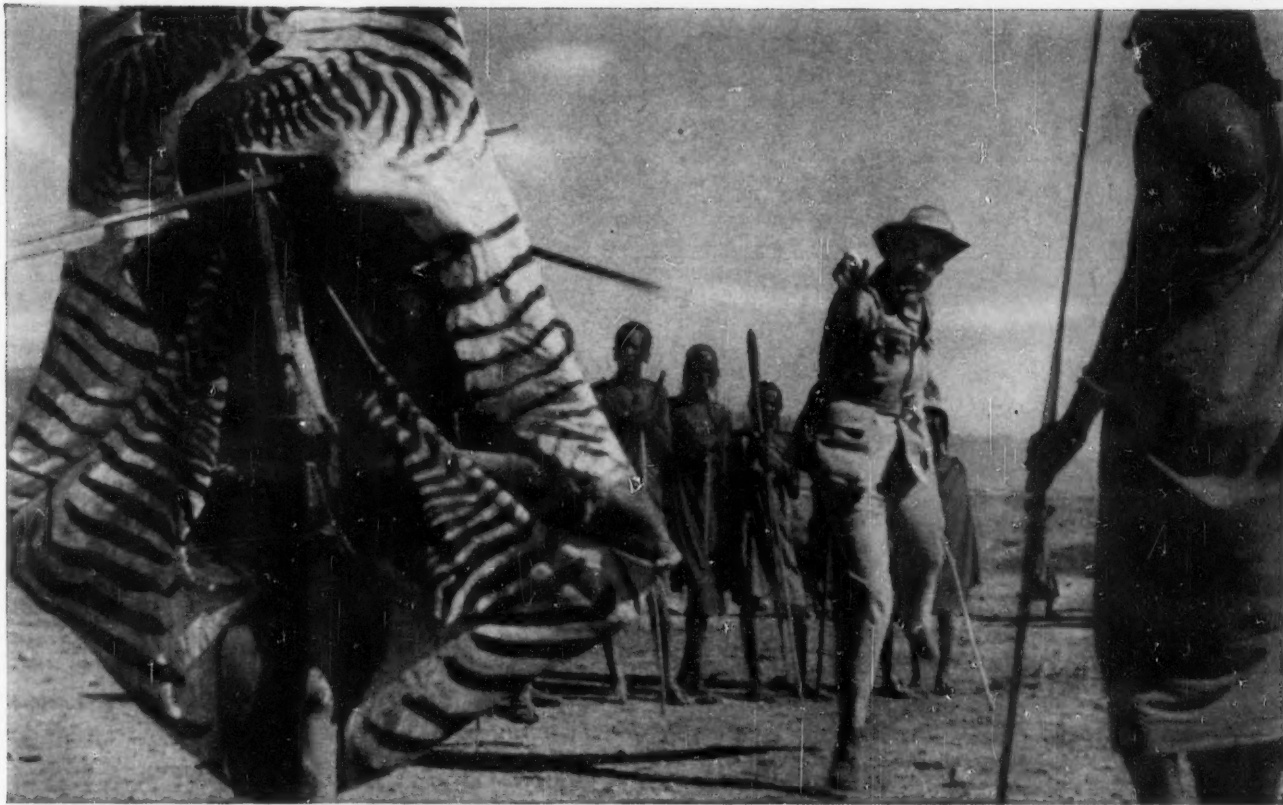
The point must be driven home to the politicians in Brooklyn, for instance, that the businessmen of their city sell more to Canada than Argentina does. Louisville politicians might be surprised to know their city sells more to Canada than New Zealand does. Chicago sells about as much to us as West Germany does, and Seattle sells almost as much to Canada as Norway does.

This kind of eye-opening knowledge, driven home regularly, can do us more good on Capitol Hill than all the aide-memoire, notes and speeches that tumble out of Ottawa. Canada means jobs and jingling cash registers for a congressman's constituents. This means we have influence with the voters—and a congressman responds rather quickly to the whims of the voters.

While playing this lobbying game in Washington it is vital, of course, to know when our friends are our friends and when they are not. Senator Humphrey of Minnesota is a real pal on natural gas and oil, but he's no friend when it comes to agriculture and farm-surplus disposals. And while the New England congressmen may be friends on oil, they're not at all friendly about fish imports.

Maybe all this does not sound too gentlemanly, but lobbying is the way things are done on Capitol Hill. If we don't play the game—and we have not so far—we will continue to get our fingers burned. Up to now, all we've done is yell "ouch." It's time for a little preventive medicine.

There is no reason for Canadians to take a sanctimonious, holier-than-thou attitude on lobbies. It's part of life in Washington. Already we have benefited from some American lobbies which are grinding their own particular axes but also sharpening ours in the process. For instance, the St. Lawrence Seaway lobby, working mainly for the Great Lakes region, has been a good friend of Can-



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

It's a bull's-eye or nothing in this African Manhood Test

1. "You have to be Deadeye Dick to become a Masai warrior, and I'm afraid I don't rate," writes a big-game hunting friend of Canadian Club. "Years ago, a youth became a warrior only by killing a man. Today, he must measure up in a spear-throwing test. He gets one chance to hit the backbone line where a zebra-skin's stripes form a 'V'. When I witnessed this rare trial in Tanganyika last month, I put my own arm to the test.



2. "The chief's son had shown me the fine points of the Masai's dearest possession. Each 8-foot spear is pointed at both ends, and one end is sharp enough to shave with. A fierce weapon, but ten times as heavy as a javelin.



3. "My third throw hit the mark. That satisfied the proud Masai, but it didn't tempt me to trade in my rifle. This tribe lives in the heart of big-game country, surrounded by lion, rhino and elephant. Their spears are their only means of defense.

4. "Later, at the hotel in Arusha, my host complimented me on the feat by serving Canadian Club. Nor was I greatly surprised to meet my old favourite on the plains of Tanganyika, for I usually find Canadian Club wherever I travel."

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SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY

ada's. Or take the liberal-trade lobby, representing importers and some of the more enlightened American industrialists. It's been good to us as well as to its own constituents.

Working on the scene in concert with these lobbying friends of Canada's could give us tremendous advantages. And we need all the friends we can scrounge up in Washington these days, especially as the smell of protectionism is once again in the air.

Some of our businessmen already have begun delicately dipping their toes into

the turbulent waters of Washington lobbying and have found it most stimulating. So far, this has consisted largely of some mining men and exporters from Toronto and Montreal shaking hands around Capitol Hill and indulging in pleasant chitchat. But it has paid off. Rep. Hale Boggs, a Louisiana Democrat and a powerful voice on the House Ways and Means Committee—the committee that decides much U.S. trade policy—says he and his colleagues would like to see more and more Canadian businessmen coming to Washington to

tell their story. Here is an open invitation for us, and yet we bashfully continue to act the wallflower in this great economic ballroom wherein much of our financial future is being determined.

A session of Congress is like a gigantic poker game. Canada has something like three billion dollars in blue chips (the value of our exports to the U.S.) but we've never had the initiative to sit in and hold cards in the game. Whether we know it or not, a good hand of cards is waiting for us and people like Hale Boggs are simply asking us to

come pick up the cards and start playing.

Our real trouble is that, so far, all Canada has done in Washington is preach to the already converted. When we make an official protest on some American action, our ambassador runs over to the State Department, note in hand, and presents it to a smiling assistant or under-secretary of state. Frequently the State Department says it agrees with us, but charmingly confesses that after all, Congress did this or that, and the State Department simply can't do anything about it, as much as it would like to. So, our protest is pigeonholed with the utmost charm and friendship. There is a desire to help us in the State Department, especially on the working levels. But this desire frequently is frustrated by higher levels. A major reason for the State Department hiding behind congressional skirts is that it wants support from Congress on policy matters much more important, it thinks, than a fuss with Canada on lead and zinc or oil. So, reasons the Foggy Bottom top brass, why anger congressmen by strongly pushing a Canadian claim of damage because of some U.S. trade restriction?

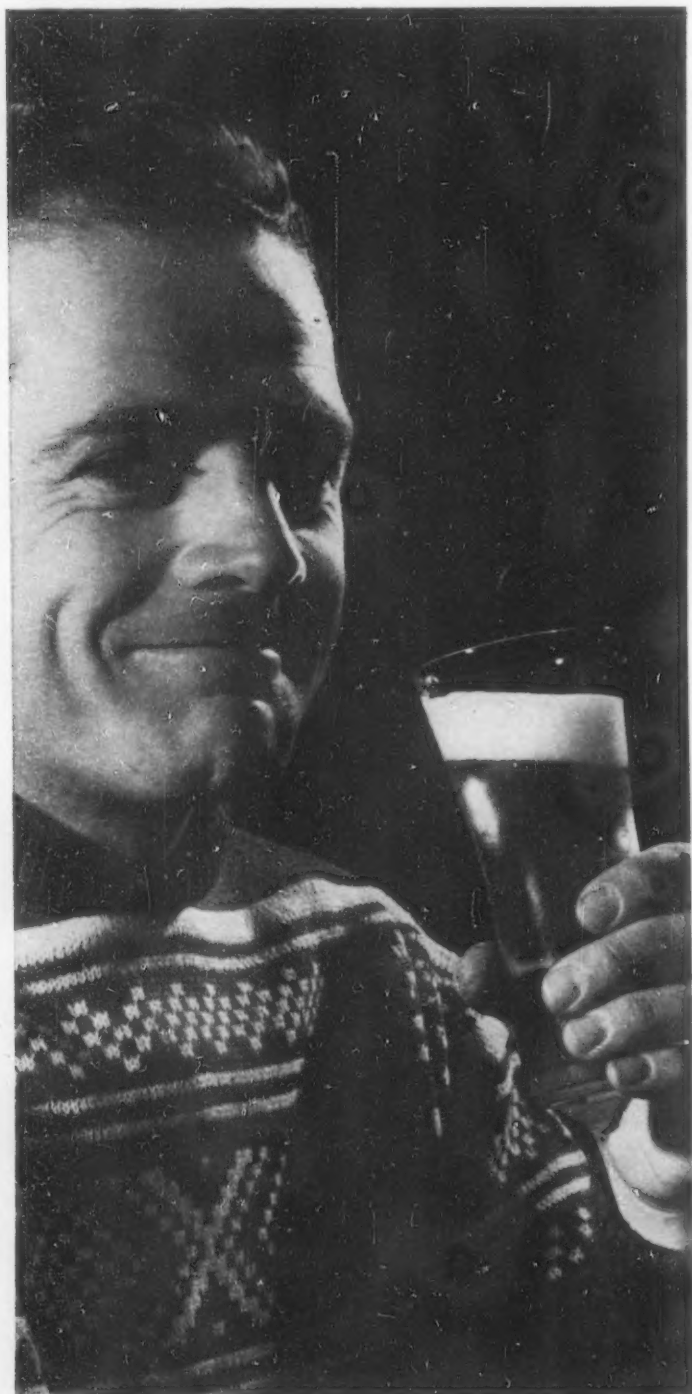
Probably the greatest single blow struck for our side has been the appointment of House and Senate subcommittees on Canada, which meet twice a year with similar groups from the Canadian parliament. Here is a direct avenue into the heart of Congress that we never have had before. Here is a way to put across our story directly to those who give us our economic headaches. But why just fire some Canadian awareness at the congressmen twice a year? A Canadian lobby in Washington could provide a continuing education for the representatives and senators and be of invaluable help to the subcommittees.

A congressman does not deliberately try to hurt the Canadian economy by pushing through a bill harmful to Canadian pocketbooks. Usually he does it through pure, blind ignorance. Several congressmen have reported they would never have done this or that if they had realized there would be a bad effect on Canada. In fact Canadian reporters in Washington are frequently the only people who tell congressmen what such and such a bill will mean to Canada. This is a job not for reporters, however, but for a lobby.

And while we sometimes run into a stone wall of charm in the State Department, it frequently is a wall of well-meaning, glad-handing friendship on Capitol Hill. We've had enough, surely, of the after-dinner claptrap about that 3,000-mile undefended border. American history books tend to romanticize relations with Canada. Tell an American it was as recent as the 1930s that Canada still was figuring how to fight a military invasion from United States and he'll be incredulous. Most Americans, like Senator Alexander Wiley, Wisconsin Republican, think Canadians are just "kinfolk" of theirs.

A lobby in Washington would help battle this biggest problem we have with Americans — convincing them we are different, and not "kinfolk."

What we want and need now is not woolly, pleasant after-dinner speeches, but a hard look on Capitol Hill at our economic relations. This is where the real battle now lies. And since Capitol Hill is restricted territory for our able diplomats, private Canadian businessmen who have been doing a lot of talking but not much acting, must move in. And —as witness the comments of Rep. Hale Boggs—the welcome mat is out. ★



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How dangerous is natural gas? continued from page 17

"A tiny, quarter-inch pilot light suddenly became a six-foot tongue of roaring flame"

companies add an artificial odor this can be filtered out by some kinds of earth, whereupon its escape may go undetected.

Manufactured gas, made at the local gas works and transmitted over short distances, is usually pumped through pipes at a pressure of about four ounces per square inch. Natural gas, which is transmitted in Canada over two thousand miles, is pumped through large-diameter steel pipes at pressures of up to one hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. Normally these high pressures are reduced progressively by valves as the gas approaches the service pipes leading to the property of individual consumers. But if one or more of the valves fail, natural gas can enter service pipes at lethal pressures.

According to Allen Johnson, a U.S. consulting engineer in fuels and combustion, a recent explosion in Brighton, N.Y., resulted from the uncontrolled surge of high-pressure gas into low-pressure pipes. The disaster was touched off when a tiny quarter-inch-long pilot light in a domestic heating furnace suddenly was fed by a gas pressure of twenty-five pounds per square inch and became a six-foot tongue of roaring flame. Three children were killed and forty-four houses were blown apart.

In Canada there is no record of a comparable break-through of high-pressure gas into low-pressure systems. But some experts believe that in older districts an increasing demand for supplies of natural gas has led to the imposition on cast-iron mains and service pipes of pressures they were never built to withstand.

"There can be no doubt," says Deputy Fire Marshal Hurst, "that some cast-iron pipes are under great strain. On top of rising pressures in old cast-iron mains there is the problem of increased traffic. Streets which were built in the days of horse-drawn vehicles are now carrying a heavy daily flow of cars and trucks. Below ground the old cast-iron gas mains, which are less flexible than welded-joint steel mains, get dislocated or cracked or fractured, and dangerous leaks begin."

Even the weather represents a threat to the security of natural-gas pipes. This was evident early in March when Consumers' Gas took half-page advertisements in Toronto's three daily newspapers under the heading:

PUBLIC NOTICE OF VITAL IMPORTANCE TO YOU.

The advertisement said in part: The severe winter weather experienced this past year has created a deeper frost level than normal. When the frost "comes out," as milder temperatures prevail, ground movement will be greater than in other years. Under these abnormal conditions the possibility of natural-gas leakage is increased. The Gas Company therefore requests the assistance of all the citizens in the community in guarding against gas leaks that might otherwise go unnoticed.

The advertisement asked citizens to report:

- (1) Any noticeable bubbling in pools of water on the ground and streets;
- (2) Any odor which has no readily apparent cause, either in buildings or out of doors;

- (3) Any indication that your furnace, regardless of fuel, does not appear to be operating as it should.

Another threat arising from the use of manufactured-gas mains to distribute

natural gas is the existence, in the basements of thousands of older properties, of capped gas pipes. These pipes were capped when the property owners abandoned manufactured gas for electricity. In the meantime, behind the cap, natural



...but the second nicest part of the trip was...

We must admit that there are some pleasant informalities involved in arrivals and departures that are beyond the scope of any airline to equal.

But we also believe that the *second* nicest part of a trip abroad is when BOAC takes over—for in this regard we remain convinced that British service *can't* be equalled.

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with which you reach your destination is one of the marvels of BOAC's jet-age fleet.

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gas has taken the place of manufactured gas often without the knowledge of the present property owners. If the cap rusts away, or if it is removed experimentally, accidentally, or mischievously, the building is in peril. It requires only this combination of events to blow that building sky high—a leak of natural gas to a density of between three parts and thirty parts to one part of air and a coincidental spark from the motor of an electric furnace.

Some people don't understand the danger. Last February a Toronto woman

appeared in court and pleaded guilty to theft. She had removed the cap from the old manufactured-gas pipe in her basement and substituted an ordinary water tap. From the tap she led un-metered natural gas to her furnace by a length of rubber hose. Her Rube Goldbergish rig was so leaky that it exposed the entire neighborhood to the risk of being blown up.

In Toronto alone there are between forty and fifty thousand properties equipped with old, capped manufactured-gas pipes. Deputy Fire Marshal Hurst says:

"The possibility that many people are monkeying around with the caps to obtain free natural gas is disturbing."

A missing cap was responsible for the explosion at the Leduc Hotel, Leduc, Alta., in 1950. A spark from an electric furnace motor touched off the leak. Ten people died in the blazing debris and ten more were seriously injured.

The spectacular Ottawa explosion last October was caused by the removal of a cap from a pipe that once was used to supply the building with manufactured gas. Nobody knows who removed the

cap or when or why. Experts discovered later that for years before the explosion the pipe had been blocked by an accumulation of moist silt. When natural gas replaced manufactured gas its dryness began to turn the moist silt to dust and to push the dust aside.

On the morning of October 25, natural gas was leaking into the basement. Investigations showed that the gas reached a density of ten parts to one part of air. This is the optimum explosive mixture of natural gas, a mixture at which it can be more violent than dynamite. The janitor went down into the basement, switched on an electric light, and created a spark.

The blast demolished the two-story building. The force of the explosion was so great that it hurled two manhole covers—each weighing one hundred and fifty pounds—from their seatings in the street. One cover sailed through a top-floor window in an eight-story building a hundred yards away, and the other landed on the roof of the same property. Every window of this building was blown out. Had the accident happened during working hours, hundreds of civil servants in the eight-story building might have been killed or injured.

Fifty serious natural-gas accidents in Canada over the last ten years have revealed a pattern of causes. The pattern breaks down into four divisions:

- (1) Leaks from missing or defective caps on disused manufactured-gas pipes;
- (2) Leaks inside buildings from defective pipes or appliances;
- (3) Leaks outside buildings caused by natural gas drying out the packing in the bell-and-spigot joints of cast-iron pipes;
- (4) Leaks outside buildings caused by the vibration of traffic, which can fracture both cast-iron and steel pipes.

The most tragic gas explosion originating in steel pipe was that which killed Mrs. Roy Skinner and her son Gregory in their bungalow near Palermo, Ont., in November. Mrs. Skinner's husband was seriously injured. Ironically, the Skinners did not use natural gas themselves.

Heavy traffic is believed to have cracked a valve in the new steel pipe that ran under the highway past the Skinners' home. Escaping at high pressure, the gas took the line of least resistance—along the outside of its own pipe where the earth, through the disturbance of excavation, was less tightly packed. It reached another underground pipe—the Skinners' sewer pipe. It changed course and followed the outside of the Skinners' sewer pipe into their basement via the tiny crevices surrounding the sewer's point of entry. In the basement the gas accumulated until it was touched off by a spark from a furnace motor.

Natural gas leaking from a distant point in a pipe and seeping into a basement caused a big explosion in Montreal last January. A two-story building containing a restaurant and three dwellings was demolished. Fifteen people, including seven children, were seriously injured. The same sort of distant leak and seepage caused an explosion in a suburban Toronto bank in 1956. A bank employee went down into the basement vault, lit a cigarette and ignited natural gas.

Commenting on these explosions an expert on the staff of the Michigan Public Services Commission said recently: "Heavy traffic vibration has become a dangerous source of natural-gas accidents, especially when such traffic passes over old cast-iron-pipe systems."

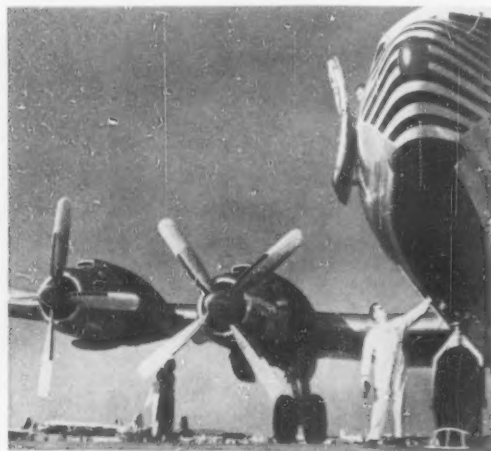
Lack of confidence in cast-iron pipes



Racing cars—8 of last 9 Indianapolis winners used Champions. Because Champions deliver performance they need to win!



Car makers—over twice as many car makers (including Rolls-Royce) specify Champions—36 different makes in all!



Airlines—98% of the world's airlines use Champions for the safe, dependable performance that airlines must have.



Trucks—eight out of ten truck manufacturers specify Champions for full power, regardless of load or road.

Q. Why is it that wherever performance is *vital*—on land, sea or in the air—the experts choose Champion spark plugs?

A. The experts *know from experience* that you can always depend on Champions. To get top performance from your car, put in a new set of Champions every 10,000 miles!

World's favorite spark plug—engineered for every car built by Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, American Motors, Studebaker-Packard and every major foreign maker.



MADE IN CANADA SINCE 1919

CHAMPION

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO.

"The gas was leaking in through a sewer pipe. Several hours later, the owner lit a cigarette . . ."

has also been demonstrated by at least one Canadian company. When Nelson, B.C., converted from manufactured to natural gas Inland Natural Gas Company, the distributing agent, tore up all the cast-iron pipes and replaced them with a new steel network.

Leaks are a continual bugbear in cast-iron-pipe systems. Many engineers believe that the water and oil which gas companies add to the gas to keep the packing in bell-and-spigot joints moist and tight don't always work. An indication that gas companies themselves are worried about this problem was given by Norman Mork, chief gas engineer of the New York State Public Services Commission, in a recent speech in Toronto. Mork said that in his own state gas companies were engaged "in urgent experiments" for sealing old cast-iron mains by blowing through them liquid plastic and rubber compounds which, they hoped, would form a protective film around the insides of the pipes.

There is also some evidence to suggest that the odor added to natural gas by distributors as a safety precaution is not always adequate. Allen J. Johnson, a U.S. consulting engineer, told a recent convention of the Oil Heat Institute of New York City: "Added odors tend to diminish with distance and to filter out as leaking gas passes through moist earth. Furthermore, dust and pipe scale in dry distribution systems also filter out the odorants. Thus odorization, while essential, cannot be depended on as an infallible warning of leakage."

Johnson's criticism was based on cases like one some years ago in Calgary. Sub-zero weather cracked a cast-iron gas valve below a street. Nearby consumers complained to Calgary's Canadian Western Natural Gas Company Ltd. about reduced pressure in their appliances. In looking for the leak, employees of the gas company entered a house on Kensington Road. They detected no trace of gas. But gas was leaking into the house along a sewer pipe. Several hours after the gas-company employees left, the owner lit a cigarette. The detonation wrecked the house and killed two occupants. Later investigations showed that the odor in the gas had been filtered out during its passage through a gravel bed.

In November, 1957, twenty union members meeting in the Carpenters' Hall, New Westminster, B.C., were overcome by lack of oxygen. Interviewed later in hospital the men said they were unaware that anything was wrong until their chairman collapsed while making a speech. "We got up to help him," said one man, "and half of us collapsed too."

The suffocation was caused by a leak of natural gas from a furnace. Failure

to detect the leak was attributed to the absence of odor.

Cases of this kind point up the one characteristic in which natural gas is safer than manufactured gas. Natural gas is non-toxic. It can suffocate a person only by displacing air to such an extent that vital oxygen is dispersed. Manufactured gas, even in small quantities, can asphyxiate a person by the

presence of its lethal carbon monoxide.

So it is not so easy to commit suicide by breathing natural gas as it is by breathing manufactured gas. Arthur R. Elliott, a native of Muncie, Ind., who is manager of the Greater Winnipeg Gas Company, recalls a woman who tried to end her life with natural gas. Confusing its properties with those of manufactured gas she closed the doors and

windows of her home, turned on the natural-gas cocks and lay down on a chesterfield to await death. After an hour or so of waiting in vain she became impatient and decided to have a last cigarette. It was only then that she achieved her purpose. She flicked her lighter. The explosion blew out the walls and raised the roof. Nobody would have known how it happened if she had not



Heritage of a Memorable Age

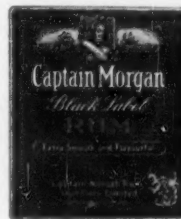
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lived long enough in hospital to tell the story.

Natural-gas companies defend themselves stoutly against charges of sacrificing public safety in the interests of economy. W. L. Landon, chief engineer of the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, says: "The cast-iron mains are perfectly safe. We are testing them all the time. A few weeks ago we took up a length of cast-iron pipe that had been in the ground for ninety years. It was in perfect shape so we put it back. On the other hand we've put in sections of cast-iron pipe that have lasted for only four or five years. Their life depends upon the nature of the soil they're lying in. In some soils they're safer than steel pipes. It is ridiculous to condemn all cast-iron pipes on the basis of a few explosions."

Landon says that the odor gas companies add to natural gas is unmistakable and leads to the rapid detection of the overwhelming majority of leaks. He claims the humidity added to keep the packing in joints moist is also effective. "In our own system," he says, "which is the biggest in Canada, we've not had a single case of a leak due to drying out of packing."

No comparisons are available in Canada between the fatality and damage rate of natural gas and the fatality and damage rate of other fuels. In the United States, where eight million out of forty million householders use natural gas, the National Fire Protection Association publishes an annual analysis of building losses by fire and explosion. The latest figures show that out of 843,000 fires and explosions, twenty-two thousand were caused by natural gas. As a fire hazard natural gas rated tenth after smoking and matches; defective electrical services; misuse of inflammable liquids; children with matches; lightning; spontaneous ignition; oil-fired equipment; overheated chimney flues; and unexplained ignition of rubbish.

No particular fear of natural gas is evinced by Canadian insurance companies. One insurance broker says: "There are no special premiums on properties equipped with natural gas." Winnipeg Fire Chief Dave Dunnett says, "We've had no special trouble with natural gas outside the odd leak and these have all been detected before harm has been done."

Most gas companies ascribe the fear of natural gas to the publicity given to explosions. Harold J. Robbins, administrative assistant to the president of Calgary's Canadian Western Natural Gas Company Ltd., says: "If a householder loads his electrical circuits beyond their capacity and a fire results the newspapers report it as an unfortunate occurrence. If a fire is caused through the careless handling of natural gas it is usually presented as a shocking example of the way in which citizens are exposed to modern dangers."

D. Cass-Beggs, general manager of the Saskatchewan Power Corporation, a provincially owned company which distributes natural gas, is also critical of the way newspapers report gas accidents. He says: "The term 'gas' is used loosely. A press story may speak of 'a gas explosion,' referring to a gasoline explosion and the public wrongly infers the cause is natural gas. Similarly a carbon-monoxide death may be referred to as gas poisoning." The readers get distorted ideas of the dangers of natural gas.

At a recent convention of the Ontario Weekly Newspapers' Association in Toronto, Oakah L. Jones, vice-president and general manager of the Consumers' Gas

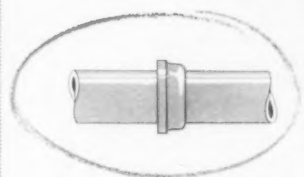
Company of Toronto, pleaded for the presentation of gas accidents in "a proper perspective." He held up a booklet, of anonymous origin, which has had widespread circulation in Ontario. It was filled with photographs of gas accidents, reproductions of newspaper editorials and articles by engineers emphasizing the dangers of natural gas. Jones said: "I suspect the thing has been printed by rival fuel interests."

In a long list of alleged natural-gas accidents the booklet includes an incident at Peterborough, Ont., on Jan. 4, 1957, when "a hundred feet of sidewalk were ripped up by gas blast." Peterborough is one of the few cities in Ontario which is not yet served by natural gas.

Jones says: "The Toronto Daily Star is one of our worst enemies. For years it has wanted to see gas distribution handed over to provincial authorities. So whenever we have an accident, the Star gives it big headlines."

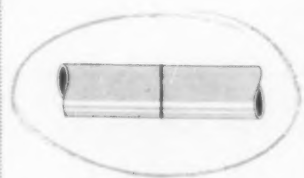
He adds that he is proud of his company's safety record and of the measures used to maintain it. Once a month crews go down into gas-, electrical-, telephone-, sewer- and water-system manholes with apparatus capable of detecting the presence of gas in the atmosphere. Once every three months a gas-detector survey is made of all basements in business districts. Once a year a leak survey is made with detectors of the entire distribution system and all leaks, no matter how infinitesimal, are sealed. Special teams of employees are constantly at work traveling along the course of gas

Gas-main controversy centres on joints



Iron: bell and spigot

Cast-iron pipes, laid years ago for manufactured gas, have bell-and-spigot joints filled with packing. When the packing dries, say some experts, natural gas seeps out. Ontario's deputy fire marshal blames old pipes for 90 percent of gas accidents he has probed.



Steel: welded joint

Newer style steel pipes are joined by welding their butted ends together, sealing the joint. Though no one denies the efficiency of welded steel pipe some gas company engineers say it's ridiculous to condemn all cast-iron pipes "on the basis of a few explosions."

mains and looking for wilting trees, bushes, flowers and grass, which betray leaks.

"No gas company can honestly promise to eliminate entirely explosions or other accidents," says Jones, "because no kind of accident can be eliminated so long as human and material elements are involved. But we recognize fully our obligations and meet all standards of workmanship efficiently."

Most Canadian gas companies base their safety precautions on two codes. Their transmission pipes are laid according to the American Standards Association Code B31, sponsored by the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. Their appliances are installed and maintained under the Canadian Standards Association Code B149. These, or similar codes, have been made law in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba and Quebec provinces in which natural-gas accidents can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

In Ontario, where most of the accidents have occurred, there is still no legislation which pins responsibility for natural-gas safety on any particular individual or organization. After the Ottawa explosion municipal engineers denied that it was their job to police the pipes for leaks.

The Ontario Fuel Board, a provincial-government body, was set up in 1954 to ensure that natural-gas companies observe the codes of the American and Canadian Standards Associations. Its officers inspect blueprints and equipment and reject them if necessary. But the board does not have power to prosecute the natural-gas companies for failure to maintain standards. "We are not responsible for checking the pipes ourselves," says the board's chairman, A. R. Crozier. "We haven't the staff to do it."

At the moment the Ontario Fuel Board is drafting a natural-gas safety bill for submission to the Ontario Legislature. If this becomes law the natural-gas companies will still be responsible for patrolling their own lines but will be liable to prosecution for breaches of the bill's requirements.

These requirements, according to Crozier, will be much the same as those laid down in the American and Canadian Standards Associations' codes. "In drawing up the bill," says Crozier, "we are really cribbing from the two codes and substituting the word 'shall' for the word 'should.' In other words we are putting teeth into the codes and providing penalties for breaches of them."

Another Ontario government body, the Ontario Research Foundation, is meanwhile experimenting on two possible safety devices: an automatic natural-gas detector and alarm which could be produced cheaply enough for installation in every home; and an eye irritant which could be pumped into natural gas to supplement odor as a danger signal.

Comprehensive though these plans are they will not satisfy the coroner's jury that investigated the death at Palermo of Mrs. Roy Skinner and her child. In laying the blame for the accident flatly upon the United Suburban Gas Company Ltd. of Hamilton, and the Gas Machinery Company (Canada) Ltd., the jury recommended the appointment of a provincial commission to approve or reject all natural-gas-pipe development plans and to supervise the inspection of all mains and appliances for safety. The jury added a rider to the effect the provincial government should carry out immediately an inspection of all natural-gas installations "even though this means laying open every mile of pipeline in the province." ★



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London Letter continued from page 10

(except on Fridays) the ministers must meet the onslaught of question time.

At regular and irregular intervals the prime minister presides over the meetings of the cabinet. He has to discuss taxation matters with the chancellor of the exchequer, he has to confer with the foreign secretary on the world crisis of the moment, and he has to talk with the president of the Board of Trade about trade difficulties. Then there are Guildhall banquets and so on *ad infinitum*.

But the biggest strain of all is the new technique of foreign affairs. Not very long ago, the visit abroad of a prime minister gave him the rest and enjoyment of a sea voyage, or at the very least a Channel crossing. Now he is launched into space like a guided missile and has no time to relax or orientate his mind to the situation.

Consider for a moment the strain as well as the risk of Harold Macmillan's recent visit to Moscow. Supposing Khrushchev had decided to ridicule him by making him a completely secondary figure. The dictator, supported by a servile press, could have absented himself from this or that official function while pleading the excuse of urgent affairs.

Or suppose Khrushchev had decided to show Macmillan to the crowds as if he were a tame lion in a cage. If this seems an unworthy thought let me assure you that the prime minister was warned that the Russian dictator might well be affronted if too much fuss was made about the visitor from Britain.

In the first Moscow meetings there was a genuine fear that Khrushchev would confine the program to top-level conversations and visits to industrial plants in order to show that Russia was all-powerful in weapons of peace and war.

There were rumors at the time that Macmillan was not particularly pleased with the program that Khrushchev had prepared for him. Merely to be taken around Moscow like a VIP to see and praise the achievements of a Communist regime was not at all what Macmillan intended. He had taken the risk of a calculated affront, of a possible breakdown in such talks as had been arranged, and even a retreat from Moscow only less unpleasant than Napoleon's.

But being a man of sensitivity and imagination Macmillan recognized that Khrushchev had to present himself to his own people as the gracious all-powerful dictator who was anxious that Britain's prime minister should be allowed to see the splendors of Communist achievement. On the other hand Macmillan was determined not to play the role of an ardent admirer envious of Soviet success.

Therefore it is not surprising that the tension grew more acute as the visit progressed. Actually there was a moment when it seemed that Macmillan would cut short his visit and return to London. In fact he refused to play the performing bear which dances at the command of his masters. The Moscow newspapers began to resume their usual denigration of the West, and there were threats that Russia would not even discuss the future of East Germany. Inevitably a lot of Britons said that the prime minister should never have gone to Moscow.

Then something happened toward the end of the visit. It was announced that the British prime minister would speak on television and radio to the Russian people. The time allotted, including time for translation, was thirty minutes.

Give credit where it is due. The Russian dictator presented the British prime minister with the freedom of the air.

Not even Winston Churchill at his greatest heights possessed a more sensitive understanding of his task than Harold Macmillan. Slowly, and without bombast, Macmillan spoke to the Russian people who had crowded everywhere to see and to hear him.

Briefly he emphasized British achievements in science, medicine and industry, punctuating the discourse with statistics for a people who have been suckled on them. Then with quiet dignity he told of Britain's mighty heritage of justice and parliamentary freedom.

He was speaking from a cleverly prepared script—and who wrote it? The author was Harold Macmillan, publisher and premier. Who invented television? "We did," said Macmillan. "We had television thirty years ago."

What was the setting in which the prime minister delivered his pregnant words? It was nothing more than a routine room in a Moscow radio station, with a background of the Union Jack and the Soviet flag and a plain desk. Not once did the prime minister show any sign of fatigue although he had been under heavy strain for hours.

But the night's work was not all that he did in the twenty-four-hour period. Previous to it he had gone to a long diplomatic reception at the Kremlin where he shook hands with hundreds of people and listened to a very long concert. Not only is it tough at the top but you've got to be mighty tough to stay there.

Strangely enough there are some voices in Britain who have chosen this moment to remind us that Neville Chamberlain went to Munich—and look what happened then! But there is this difference. Chamberlain spoke for a Britain that was almost unarmed; Macmillan speaks for a Britain that is armed for the battle of arms or the battle of peace.

As with Chamberlain there may come a time when, looking back over their shoulders, people will say that Macmillan did another Munich. In my opinion such people will be nothing more than idiots howling at the moon.

The cold war of communism vs. freedom will not be thawed by the prime minister's visit, but Macmillan has demonstrated to the Russians that it is possible to have freedom with discipline under a democratic system.

The problems ahead are fraught with danger and embittered with ignorance but the prime minister of Britain has pierced the Iron Curtain and lit a candle in a darkening world.

At the beginning of this London Letter I posed the question as to whether there should be a committee to decide whether our parliamentary system ought to be altered so as to achieve a greater efficiency and a higher degree of democracy.

Certainly parliament should come under constant scrutiny to ensure that it keeps its procedure modern even though it is based on the wisdom of the past.

But let us be careful that we are not bemused by the efficiency of the totalitarian state. Autocracy, at any given moment, is more efficient than democracy. Yet in the end it is democracy that prevails because it is based on the freedom of the mind, the body and the spirit.

That is the message that Macmillan took to Moscow. ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Miss Moon's grueling labor of love

Writers are constantly meeting people who announce gaily that writing must be a wonderful way to earn a living because, after all, it doesn't involve any real work. Barbara Moon, like any other writer, can vouch for the fact that nothing could be farther from the truth.

It took her five grueling weeks to gather the material for her article on the University of Toronto, which starts on page 18. She interviewed thirty-nine professors, read forty-one books and fifty-one pamphlets, had tea at the School of Graduate Studies, beer at the King Cole Room (a campus tradition) and coffee in four of the campus coffee shops. She went to a Saturday night dance at Hart House, spent twenty-one hours in the U. of T. library, then sat at her typewriter for ten punishing days. On six of these days she toiled for eighteen hours a day.

In one sense this was a labor of love, for Barbara graduated from Varsity herself, in 1948, in English language and literature, with first-class honors.

"I didn't feel painfully nostalgic going back," she reports. "I found the faculty members I talked to so thoroughly fascinating and delightful that the advantage of having professional entrée to them outweighed any feeling that my days as an undergraduate had been the magic days. Being able to approach on some basis of equality men like Northrop Frye of Victoria, Arthur Barker of Trinity, Andrew Gordon of the School of Graduate Studies and J. K. W. Ferguson of the Connaught Laboratories is a great privilege of adulthood."

Barbara gained the distinct impression that U. of T. professors are gravely worried about the tendency of a huge twentieth-century

university to turn into a degree-granting sausage mill.

"But," she says, "I find it hard to worry about this myself—for as long as such men as these are worried about it, it won't happen."

As every writer does, she wound up with bits and pieces that just didn't seem to fit into her manuscript anywhere.

Item. Last fall somebody put two huge carp bearing blue and gold colors in the tank when the U. of T. swimming team was holding practice. Swimmers, with commendable presence of mind, fished the carp out with lacrosse sticks.

Item. The Varsity greenhouses grow everything from potatoes to coconut trees and the Botany Department has three metasequoia trees grown from seed thousands of years old and discovered by archaeologists digging at a site in China.

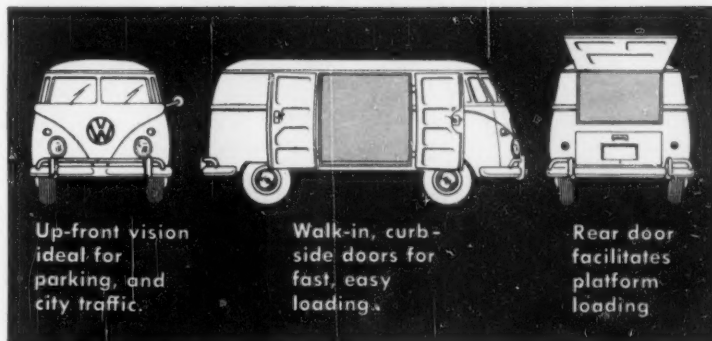
Item. A student from India received a Canada Council grant to do a doctoral thesis at the U. of T. on Canadian literature, but is actually doing his thesis on Ralph Waldo Emerson, the U.S. essayist and poet.

Photographers, like writers, are constantly meeting people who announce gaily that photography must be a wonderful way to make a living, since all you have to do is point the camera and snap the shutter. But the first photographer assigned to take pictures for Barbara Moon's article gave up after he'd wandered around the campus for three days, stunned by the size of his subject. Ken Bell, one of the most experienced magazine photographers in Canada, took the assignment on then, and walked at least fifty miles selecting shots and angles that would catch the personality and flavor of Canada's biggest university.



Author Moon and photographer Bell co-operate on the chilly campus.

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Parade

The superfatted calf

A good cause got out of hand in Stavely, Alta., when a calf was auctioned off for a community-arena drive. The fellow who won paid his money but good naturedly surrendered his prize to be auctioned off again, and the idea caught on until the animal had been auctioned off five times. It was all too much for the calf, which dropped dead.

A sign on a parking lot behind the post-office building in Saint John, N.B., warns "Private parking for the use of Income Tax Employees only." That everyone doesn't obey it was discovered by a Parade Scout who saw a flashy fin-tailed '59 wonder parked beside a decrepit vintage '40. Pasted across the trunk of the near-wreck was a three-foot sheet of brown paper on which had been lettered, "Taxpayer."

A public-spirited male in Regina had no idea when he volunteered to sell tickets to a charity event that he would be assigned a station in the millinery section of a department store, but reports the experience highly educational. He saw one woman try to buy a hat from a bargain counter and heard another cry, "Why that's my hat that I just took off!" Then the first woman declared, "Why that's my hat you're trying on!" Then they took a second look at each other and a second look in the mirror, shook hands on the bargain and walked off happily. Neither of them even bought a charity ticket.

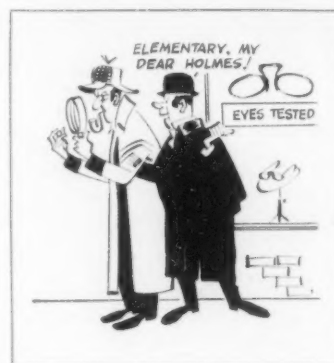
Breathless telephone inquiry received by the Saskatoon Public Library from a local grade-five student: "I've got to give



a speech today; could you please tell me a lot about something that hardly anybody knows anything about?"

The architect who designed the reconstruction of historic Fort Langley in B. C. tried to take into consideration all the problems likely to arise in an attraction catering to a host of visitors. As a final touch of foresightedness he used slate blackboards for walls in the public washrooms and even provided for a supply of chalk to be left available. At last report nobody had inscribed a line.

Montreal got a shock recently when thirty-two of its three hundred and twenty-five detectives were discovered to have defective eyesight, though unaware of it; two had to be ordered never to drive squad cars again and the rest were



grounded until they acquired spectacles. But police got a bigger shock in Barrie, Ont., when they found a taxi driver who had no driver's license and no cab license but did have a government pension for possessing less than 10 percent vision.

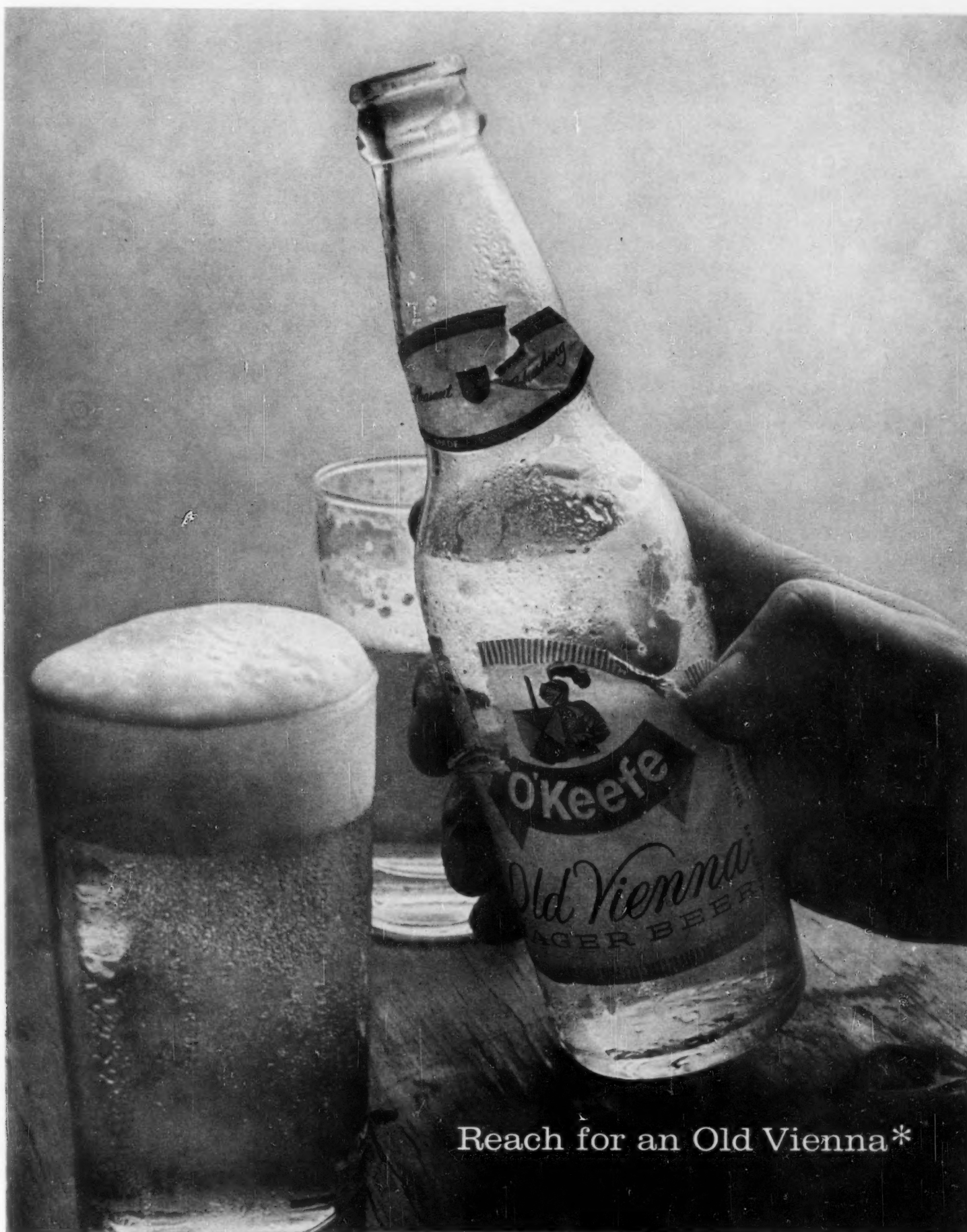
Urgent classified ad from the Western Star, Corner Brook, Nfld.: "Lost or strayed, hope not stolen, a number of Presbyterians! Not seen for several weeks. Please return Sunday morning to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in the Guide Hut at 11 a.m. Refreshments for all!"

A Toronto office worker, homebound and in a hurry, took a short-cut across a bus terminal and walked wham into a metal plaque suspended at about eye level. Reeling back and peering wrathfully upward with the eye she hadn't clapped a hand over, she saw what she'd run into was a sign: "No pedestrians."

A Trenton, Ont., woman understandably panicked when her car stalled on a level crossing toward which a freight engine slowly shunted. Jumping out, she never looked back till she reached the town police station, handed over her keys and asked them to have a garage take the car away. The garage man found the car unharmed, the freight having evidently reversed direction. They went hunting for the woman to explain there was nothing wrong with her car except it was out of gas, and located her just as she finished her shopping. But she refused to have anything to do with the car. She called a cab to haul her groceries home in and left the garage with a spare car on its hands.

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